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- Art. I. 1. *Notes, during a Visit to Egypt, Nubia, the Oasis, Mount Sinai, and Jerusalem.* By Sir Frederick Henniker, Bart. 8vo. pp. 340. (Plates.) Price 12s. London. 1823.
2. *Travels in Egypt and Nubia, Syria and Asia Minor, during the Years 1817 and 1818.* By the Hon. Charles Leonard Irby, and James Mangles, Commanders in the Royal Navy. *Printed for private Distribution.* 8vo. London. 1823.

YOUNG ENGLAND is running to look at old Egypt, the sleeping beauty of two thousand years ago, upon whom Time, the great enchanter, turned the key, when we, a nation of yesterday, were a mere embryo,—our ancestry scattered over the wilds and woods of Germany, or sweeping the Northern seas. All her caverns, and temples, and pyramids have been shut and sealed during great part of this long interval; and now, behold the charm is dissolved, and the whole of their furniture—gods, mummies, and amulets, are found as they were left, the very colours of the paintings as fresh as ever! Why, what is Pompeii to this spectacle? That is only an exhumated city; but here is a whole country brought to light, after having been invisible to Europeans for nearly a score of centuries. Poor Burckhardt has the merit of having led the way into Nubia; but Mr. Banks, who travelled in 1815, is believed to have been the first Englishman that ever succeeded in gaining the Second Cataract. In 1816, M. Drovetti, the *ci-devant* French consul in Egypt, together with his two agents, Rifaud and Cailliaud, accomplished the same enterprise. They were speedily followed by Mr. and Mrs. Belzoni, Captains Irby and Mangles, the Earl of Belmore and Dr. Richardson, and, in 1820, by Messrs. Waddington and Hanbury, who out-ventured them all. Mr. Legh, who preceded Mr. Banks, ascended the Nile no further than Ibrim; Mr. Hamilton, Colonel Leake, and Mr. Hayes, no further than Deboud. Norden, who travelled eighty years ago, could only reach Derry; and Po-

cocke, who passed Norden on the Nile, went no higher than Philæ. That island was also Denon's *ne plus ultra*. But now, Egypt and Nubia, as well as Syria, are over-run with Englishmen, and we wait for fresh literary arrivals from the Cataracts or the Oases, as almost as much matters of course as a mail from Hamburgh. When Captains Irby and Mangles returned to Cairo, they found Mr. Jolliffe recently arrived from making 'the tour of Palestine,' and Colonel Stratton, Captain Bennet, and Mr. Fuller had just set off for Assuan. Sir Frederick Henniker took the trip to Ebsambal in 1820; and his volume forms at present nearly the latest account of travels performed by Englishmen in those parts. He writes in a singularly dashing, rattling, baronet-like style, very light and lively, but sometimes tinctured with too much flippancy; and the extreme brevity of the narrative is almost as tiresome as the prolixity of more phlegmatic travellers: it is like conversing with a man who talks in an under-tone, and ekes out half his sentences with shrugs, and winks, and inuendoes. The worst fault, however, is, that Sir Frederick's wit is sometimes spiced with profaneness.

The volume for which we are indebted to Captains Irby and Mangles, does not come fairly within our province as Reviewers, it being printed only for private distribution; but we are glad to have an opportunity of laying before our readers the substance of its interesting contents. We shall feel under no temptation to criticise the authorship of a work, which conveys, in the most unaffected manner, so much solid and novel information. The names of these enterprising fellow-travellers will be familiar to the readers of Belzoni and Dr. Richardson. The former, indeed, was very deeply indebted to their active assistance, in following up the discoveries which have obtained him so much credit. They set out from Europe in Aug. 1816, simply with the intention of making a tour on the Continent. Not being literary men, they were not furnished with the means of turning to the best account, their travels in the East, when curiosity at first, and an increasing admiration of antiquities as they advanced, led them on so far beyond their original intention. But their newly acquired taste seems to have stimulated their diligence in obtaining information as they went: and their excellent tact, aided by the hints and instructions of some more experienced scholars and antiquaries whom they fell in with, has enabled them to supply, if not a very learned, yet, a competent and highly interesting account of the countries they visited, and, in particular, to make some acceptable additions to our knowledge of the topography of the Holy Land. The volume consists of six Letters. Letter I. is occupied with



Egypt and Nubia. II. Journey from Cairo to Antioch through the coast of Palestine. III. Syria. IV. The Holy Land. V. The Dead Sea and surrounding country. VI. Asia Minor.

The first Letter is a very entertaining narrative of the Voyage to the Second Cataract, which our Authors undertook in company with Messrs Beechey and Belzoni: their principal object was, to open the great Temple of Ebsambal, the model of which has since been exhibited in this country. This part of the volume possesses the least share of originality, owing to the details having been already given to the public by Mr. Belzoni\* ; and Dr. Richardson's admirable "*Travels in Egypt*," &c. have not left much room for novelty in describing the same route. The narrative begins, where the French army stopped, at Philæ. The party ascended the Nile to Elpha, the last habitable place to which the Nubian boats ascend, intending to prosecute their course beyond the Second Cataract on asses and camels : but they were deceived and thwarted by the natives. The landscape at this point is well described : an interesting lithographic sketch illustrates the text, which we regret that we cannot give.

' The spot from whence we surveyed the (second) cataract was a projecting cliff, about two hundred feet high, with a perpendicular precipice down to the river side: from this place, which is on the western bank, you look down on the cataract to great advantage. It presents a fine coup d'œil. The river here runs E.N.E. and W.S.W. In America, this would be called a *rapid*, there being no fall visible ; only an immense cluster of innumerable black rocks, with the Nile running in all directions with great rapidity, and much noise between them : they fill up the whole breadth of the river, which may be about two miles wide ; and they extend as far as the eye can reach, altogether making a space of about ten miles of rapids,—three below the rock on which we stood, and seven above. The scenery is here remarkably wild, there being no human habitation visible excepting a fisherman's hut on one of the islands, and the village of Elpha on the opposite side of the river in the distance. Some of the rocks have beds of yellow sand on them, and most of the islands have small trees and shrubs growing in the crevices. The verdure of these, contrasted with the sand and black rocks, produces a fine effect. In front and on both sides, the view is bounded by the desert : to the southward are the tops of two high mountains rearing their heads above the hills, and apparently seventy or eighty miles distant. The western bank of the river is richly covered with trees and shrubs ; and it is curious to observe, immediately beyond the green margin, the barren desert without the least vestige of verdure.'

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\* See Eclectic Review, N. S. Vol. XV. p. 497.

Ebsambal was the highest point to which Sir F. Henniker ascended. At his arrival, the sand had again covered up the door-way of the Temple, and the natives represented that it would be a labour of thirty men and twelve days, to effect an entrance.

‘To prove that they are not to be believed,’ he says, ‘I forced in a pole; round this I wound a sheet, and having spread another upon the surface of the sand to prevent it from flowing down upon us, we succeeded, after seven hours’ exertion, in constructing a kind of wind-sail or chimney. By means of this I entered.’

Having amused himself for four hours with inspecting the interior, he began to think of making his escape, which was not so easy as entering. He had to work against the stream, for, wherever he forced his knee, the sand from above, being undermined, poured down ‘as subtle as quicksilver.’ At length, his dragoman came forward, and with great exertion managed to drag him through. Sir Frederick now resolved to turn his boat northward, well contented to finish his journey in this part, ‘with having seen the noblest monument of antiquity ‘that is to be found on the banks of the Nile.’ ‘There is no ‘temple of either Thebes, Dendera, or Philæ, that can be put ‘in competition with it.’

Captains Irby and Mangles, in returning, visited the Temples of Derry, Amada, Sabour, Offidena, Dekki, Garbe Girshe, Garbe Dendour, Kalapsche, and Daboud; all which, besides the two small temples of Teffa, and extensive ruins at Hindaw, lie on the banks between Ebsambal and Philæ. Sir Frederick enumerates, in the reversed order in which he visited them, and with the arbitrary variation of orthography which is so perplexing, yet perhaps unavoidable, the temples at Debood, Kardassy, Kalessy, Dondour, Gwersh-Hassan, Dakky, Korty, Maharrag, Sabouah, and Dehr. Several of these appear to have been used as Christian churches. The interior of the sanctuary of the temple at Armada,

‘is daubed over with plaster, and modern Greek paintings of the twelve apostles, saints, &c. Underneath this plaster, however, the ancient Egyptian figures and hieroglyphics, &c., in bas relief, appear: they have been executed in a very superior style, and the colouring has been rich beyond description. Some modern sun-burnt-brick ruins attached to the Temple, may have been additions by the Greeks.’ *Irby and Mangles. p. 94.*

The Greek Christians are supposed also to have made a chapel of the small unfinished temple at Offidena. On the walls of a fragment of some detached building here, are

three figures in intaglio, 'evidently not Egyptian,' and either of ancient Greek or Roman workmanship.

Philæ is the easternmost of a groupe of islets and granite rocks composing the first cataract, which, according to Sir Frederick Henniker, is 'not more formidable than London bridge.' 'The surface of the stream, which has hitherto been 'rippled to the extent of fifty yards, now becomes smooth. 'I ask, where are the cataracts? and am informed that we 'have passed them.' Both of these Writers, on taking leave of Nubia, offer some general remarks, of which we shall transcribe the most important and characteristic.

Immediately beyond the First Cataract, the Mockatem and Lybian chains of mountains close upon the Nile, so as to leave only a narrow strip of cultivated land on either side. The ancients, to preserve the soil from being washed away by the rapid course of the river, constructed immense piers of huge masses of stone, reaching into the river, from the foot of the mountain, or the limit of the Nile's rising, to the point of the lowest ebb.

'These piers are invariably built at right angles with the stream, and are generally about fifteen feet wide. As they are very numerous, and as the labour and expense of their construction must have been prodigious, some idea may thence be formed of the importance attached to them. From the number of temples, and from the fine plains of loamy soil, now generally covered with a surface of sand a foot thick, which makes them look like the rest of the desert, there is every reason to suppose that this country was once both populous and flourishing. At the time of the height of Egyptian power, it was considered as an integral part of the state: this is evident from the figures and devices in the temples having every resemblance to those of Egypt. Of the land of Nubia which might be cultivated, I do not suppose one fourth is made use of: this indifference to agricultural pursuits proceeds from the despotic system of the Government. The consequence is, that the date-palm, the fruit of which ripens without any human aid, and which pays no duty, is here more encouraged than any other production: and dates may safely be called the staple of the country. The doura (the *holcus arundinaceus* of Linnæus) is the only grain to be met with: it makes very good bread, but they grow barely sufficient for their own subsistence: indeed, it is so prized, that they frequently preferred it to money, in payment for the articles we purchased. The *miri*, or land-tax, is paid at the rate of ten dollars per sackey (water-wheel): consequently, every sackey which the Nubians build, becomes an additional inducement to the Turks to come into their country, and it is only the scantiness of the produce which keeps the Pasha from quartering his troops on them. This the crafty natives are well aware of, and they take care to put no temptation in his way. The duty is paid not in cash, but in doura.



‘ The Nubians are a very distinct race from the Arabs. Their dress is commonly a loose white shirt and a turban ; sometimes they go uncovered, except a cloth round the waist. They are very superstitious, most of them wearing charms to keep off the *evil eye*, or some other apprehended ills. These charms consist of some words written on a scrap of paper sewed up in leather, and are worn mostly on the right arm over the elbow, and sometimes round the neck. All the cashiefs we saw, had them, and one Nubian dandy had nine of these appendages. Few of them smoke ; instead of which they use salt and tobacco mixed, enveloped in wool, and kept between the under lip and the gum : the boys commence this practice when quite young. They are all rogues, but, being bred up in such principles, do not think there is any harm in being so. The opprobrious terms *harame*, *cadab*, (thief, liar,) are not considered as abusive with them, as they have no notions of honesty, and cannot keep from pilfering. We detected our sailors at this work almost daily, but they always made a joke of it.

‘ There is great difference in the features and make of the several Nubian tribes. The natives of Elpha are tall and good-looking ; the people of Derry are hideous and deformed ; the tribe at Amada are small, but handsome and well-made. They are considerably darker than the Arabs. They are great boasters, but do not appear to have any firmness ; and they have a great aversion to fire-arms. They evince much outward show of religion, praying four or five times a day ; and to shew their piety, they leave the sand on their foreheads, which sticks there while they are performing their devotions. They are respectful to their cashiefs, to whom are referred all their quarrels and disputes. They are invariably armed, and appear very proud of their weapons : they mostly carry a dagger on the left arm, a long pike and a sword slung across the back. The boys, when young, have weapons provided them : this, they imagine, shews their independence, and they acknowledge no government. They are exceedingly passionate with each other, but are soon reconciled, even after the most inveterate abuse. They adhere together, and no bribes can separate them : we never met with an instance in which we had any of them on our side, or when any thing was revealed to us. They eat the locusts grilled, and affirm that they are good. The only manufacture they have, has been pointed out to them by necessity, and consists of neat close-grained platters, made of the date-tree, to contain their milk and food. No earthenware is made in the country : their water-jars are brought from Egypt.

‘ Their women do not cover their faces so scrupulously as the Arabs : they are not ill-looking, are generally well-made, and have good figures. They wear a brown garment reaching down to the ankles ; it is thrown over the right shoulder, and comes close under the left arm, the shoulder of which is bare. It has not an ungraceful appearance. They are very partial to rings and bracelets ; the former are frequently worn at the nose ; the latter are made of one piece of brown glass, which being forced on as small as possible, often causes much pain. They always go bare-footed. Young girls have

a covering round their loins made of strips of leather hanging down and ornamented with cowry-shells and beads. The hair of the women is plaited somewhat like the mens', and greased with oil.

The Barabras, from their frugal mode of life, are subject to few diseases. They are all marked with one, and sometimes two scars on the spine of the back, where they have been burnt for the cure of an endemial disease which attacks them when young. This mode of treatment, by drawing all the humours to one spot, keeps the discharge open till the patient is recovering; and experience has doubtless shewn it to be often successful. A boy, while we were at Ebsambal, was in a state of cure, and accidentally injured the part, which caused it to bleed; the father immediately applied a remedy, by throwing some sand on the wound, which soon assuaged the pain.'

*Irby and Mangles.* pp. 110—16.

We add a few additional touches from Sir Frederick's chapter on the Nubian, suppressing some of his wit, and premising, that his assertions have an air of roundness and looseness about them, which makes one suspect that he is less anxious to be minutely correct, than to say a good thing. For example, he tells us, that the Nubian is entirely free from fat, and that 'this is the more fortunate, as he is naked, and a publican or a coachman would make but an inelegant figure in a state of nudity.' A little further on, we find that these naked figures wear shirts, and their women, we have seen, wear the hyke. He says, the Nubian is 'bolder than the Arab, which is owing to his freedom; at least, it is but lately that Nubia has been subdued.'

'The fellahs, when I have been shooting, have run away eight or ten together; but the Nubian, though alone, has unslung his spear, and maintained his ground. The Arab is so completely in dread of the Pasha, that he never carries his natural propensities beyond robbery; but the Nubian does not hesitate to commit murder. Three men at the Cataracts, killed a traveller whom they asked to supper; a breach of hospitality unknown among the Bedouins or freebooters of the desert.' p. 162.

Thus it should seem that even the government of a Turkish pasha may be a political benefit to a country, when the alternative is, bad laws or none. It is far better, that there should be only one man in a country who dares commit murder, than that all should do it; better one tyrant, than a nation of lawless brigands. And Mahommed Ali is a very proper person to deal with such subjects. In passing a village, our Author observed several women in a line, each carrying a platter, who, he found on inquiry, were going to assist at a *ululu* or wake: the widow in this case being too poor to treat her friends, every one who went to weep, carried a plate of provisions to the pic-



*nic.* Among the Nubian amusements, a high rank is assigned to rope-dancers and story-tellers.

‘Of the former,’ says Sir F., ‘I saw a strolling company at Dehr, and of the latter there is one at every village: he is the oracle of the conversazione, and goes about like a circulating library. Frequently, when we moored for the evening, one of these entertainers used to come on board to amuse the crew. The most popular subject is, a history of the adventures and miracles of Mohammed. It is by no means uncommon to see a crowd collected round one of these historians in the open spaces in Cairo and other towns, like round a ballad-singer in London. Whenever the sailors were called upon to use their oars, the reiss was obliged to give out a song, which he did, line by line, and the crew joined in chorus *con amore*. All animals are inspired by music, and even these discordant attempts have their effect, though they are sad variations from the evening song on board a Sicilian *sparonaro*. They sometimes sing to the air of “Marlbrook,” and “Life let us cherish,” (these airs are the legacy of the French,) which, though they seldom fail, are not so undeniable an appeal to my generosity as “God save the King.” Surely, the man imprisoned as it were in a strange land, like the unfortunate Richard, must either have no music in his soul, or no becksheesh in his pocket, who could listen unmoved to an air that reminds him of his childhood and of home.’ pp. 168, 9.

The antiquities of Egypt have been more frequently described, and we shall not attempt to enumerate them. Every day is bringing to light fresh treasures. The number of regal tombs at Thebes is stated to be forty, of which twenty-four still remain ‘to reward the lucky adventurer.’ ‘The whole of ancient Thebes,’ says our rattling Baronet, ‘is the private property of the English and French consuls.’

‘A line of demarcation is drawn through every temple, and these buildings, that have hitherto withstood the attacks of *barbarians*, will not resist the speculation of civilised cupidity, virtuosi and antiquarians’ (antiquaries). p. 139.

We have nothing to say in praise of the sordid, money-getting spirit in which the business of antiquity-hunting has been carried on by certain individuals; but, if the removal of these works of ancient art be sacrilege, Sir Frederick must come in for his share of reprobation, in proof of which we cite his adventure at Sheekh Eredy, between Siout and Girgeh.

‘The path leading up the neighbouring mountain is long, steep, and broiling. About half way towards the summit is a large quarry or grotto. A few steps onward, the path turns down into the heart of the mountain: it presents a romantic crater, in the hollow of which is the cell of Saint Eredy. Saint Eredy is held in great veneration by the Arabs, and, in consequence of repeated pilgrimages, the rugged



rocks have been worn into a tolerable path; but the length and difficulty of it are still sufficient to try the Mussulman's faith.....I climbed to the very summit of the mountain; the Rockham, large vulture, flying round in every direction, and the surface covered with chrystal. Here is at once the scene of Sinbad's valley of diamonds and the rock-bird. I am as pleased as if I was reading the Arabian Night's Entertainments, and, like a child too, load myself with chrystal till my handkerchief and pockets burst. The Rockham is encouraged in every village to carry off dead animals—the Arabian tales were written by a Greek. I entered at the top of the ravine which conducts to the burial place of Saint Eredy. There are several perpendicular breaks in it, of from ten to eighty feet: a torrent would perhaps render it nearly comparable to Terni. To the South of the most eastern of these falls, but considerably more elevated, is a low natural cave or grotto, at the entrance of which stand three large pillars of chrystal. One of them is detached—I hastened to my boat, and procured eight men with poles, mats, and all the ropes that Mr. Grey's boat and my own could furnish. These eight stupid fellahs, notwithstanding my signs, and prayers, *and curses*, roll the pillar towards the ravine, and are unable to stop it. It leaped the first cataract: it was intended that it should break, but it took fairly a somerset, and was no more hurt than ——— was when he fell only on his head. The paltry Arabs cry out *hay-lay-essah*, God help us, but, wanting more assistance, they invoke Saint Eredy by name, but he wo'n't come when they call him. They roll it onward to the second precipice; it touches various crags in its descent; rays of sparkling particles flew in every direction, and, glittering in the sun, appeared like a shower of diamonds,—a miniature avalanche of brilliants. The body fell upon the edge of a rock; it shivered, and I left it in despair. The Arabs were now contented; there was no treasure concealed in it. Two of them followed me, bearing one fragment, and four of them labouring under another. The lesser fragment made its escape out of their hands, and, taking the short path of the mountain, arrived at the bottom piecemeal. The larger one is safe on board.' pp. 107—110.

Unfortunately, this has again been broken in its way to England, and the largest fragment is now only four feet in circumference, and rather more than one hundred weight.

At Assouan (Syene) Captains Irby and Mangles visited the ancient granite quarries. They found in one part, an immense granite basin, 17 feet long by 7 wide and 3 deep, hewn out in the rough, and narrower at the bottom than at the top: for what purpose it was intended, it is hard to conjecture; *not*, we should imagine, 'for a bath,' with the Nile so near at hand.

'Here,' they add, 'we had an opportunity of noticing the manner in which the ancients used to cut the prodigious masses which one meets with throughout Egypt. It appears that, when they wanted to detach a mass, they cut niches in a right line throughout the piece

they intended removing : these niches were about two feet apart, five or six inches long, and about three deep by two and a half broad. As soon as they were finished, the block was separated by some violent blow or concussion. We met in all directions, specimens of the progress of their work : some masses were but half detached, others wholly separated ; here we saw an obelisk in the rough, and there a column. The whole was an interesting scene. The ancient road, regularly paved with granite, is still plainly to be seen, though the sand covers a great part. In the vacancies between the hills are causeways, some of considerable length, to connect the elevated parts one with the other, and thus keep a communication open with the several quarries ; all these roads leading to two principal ones, which conduct to Assouan.' pp. 119, 20.

An interesting question suggests itself, Who were the original workers of these stupendous quarries ? A column found here by Mr. Belzoni, bears an inscription to this effect ; that, in the reigns of the Emperors Severus and Caracalla, nine quarries were discovered in this mountain, and a vast number of statues and columns taken out of them by Aquila prefect of Egypt. It excites considerable scepticism as to the existence of a high degree of native art among the Egyptians, that, in so many instances, we can trace their monuments to foreign conquerors. The strongest proof of antiquity in any of these works, is the unscientific rudeness betrayed in them. For instance, when we find their architects introducing the *figure* of the arch, but ignorant of the principle of its construction, we have *data* of an unequivocal kind for assigning to works in which such proofs of ignorance occur, a remote origin.

At Arabat Matfooner, about six miles inland, an excavation has been lately made in search of a temple described by Hamilton, which has been covered with sand within the last twenty years.

' You will hardly imagine,' says Sir F. H., ' that they are looking for a building, over part of the roof of which I paced fifty-four long steps, on stones that have never yet been displaced, though there are signs of destruction at either end. This roof alone occupies nearly as much space as the neighbouring village. Some small chambers in which the colour of the painting is so well preserved, that doubts immediately arise as to the length of time that it has been done—the best works even of the Venetian school betray their age, but the colours here, which we are told were in existence two thousand years before the time of Titian, are at this moment as fresh as if they had not been laid on an hour—arched chambers thirty-three feet in length, the ceiling, and probably the sides, covered with hieroglyphics as carefully as we should paper a room, nearly choke full of sand—the stones of which this fabric is built, measure in some cases above twenty-two feet in length ; the span of the arch is cut in a single stone ;



a portico is still visible, part of the roof has tried to fall in, but is prevented by the sand—here also are chambers innumerable—each individual part is of exquisite workmanship, but badly put together—great labour and irregularity. Perhaps the object most remarkable at this place is a chamber (or set of chambers) in which the Egyptians have attempted to *build* an arch—it affords at once a proof of their intention and their inability. The span of *the arch* is cut in two stones, each of which bears an equal segment of the circle: these placed together would naturally have fallen—they are upheld by a pillar placed at the point of contact. It has been doubted whether the Egyptians were acquainted with the principle of the arch; that they were not at the time of building this, is evident; and it may be presumed that they never were so, because they did not dislike arches, but have frequently cut them where sufficient space has been afforded by the live rock, and, because that in every artificial roof they have been obliged to put a prop to support each stone, and hence the number of pillars in the temples. If those who raised the Pyramids, and built Thebes, and elevated the obelisks of Lougсор, had been acquainted with the principle of the arch, they would have thrown bridges across the Nile, and have erected to Isis and Osiris, domes more magnificent than those of St. Peter's and St. Paul's.'

pp. 110—12.

Of the three distinct descriptions of monuments found in this most interesting country,—the excavations, the pyramids, and the temples, the first, which bear the closest affinity to the Hindoo temples, are identified with polytheism, serpent-worship, priestcraft, and hieroglyphics. We apprehend that they are of extremely various dates: the best voucher for their antiquity is Ezek. viii. 8. The pyramids are, in all probability, the memorials of a foreign dynasty; they appear disconnected with idol worship, or with the priestcraft of the Egyptian literati, and are probably older than at least the more elaborate excavations. For it seems scarcely credible, that the cost and trouble of rearing these brick mountains for royal sepulchres, should have been incurred *after* the fashion had been set of the more commodious and elegant mode of turning a mountain into a necropolis. To these a date has been with plausibility assigned, extending from 1050 to 800 B. C. The temples we may safely refer to a more modern era. Many of them bear the date of the Greek sovereigns; and others have been repaired, if not constructed by the Romans. With regard to these granite quarries, we should suspect that foreign artists were the first who worked them; not the aboriginal Egyptians. 'I confess,' says Captain Mangles, 'I was much perplexed to think how the Egyptians could have cut, hollowed, and polished such immense blocks of stone without the use of iron, a metal they are said to have been ignorant of; the niches,



‘therefore, which I mentioned above, must have been cut, if not with iron, with brass.’ But this explanation rests on mere conjecture: it is more reasonable to suppose that a nation ignorant of iron, could not have supplied the artificers. ‘We examined,’ it is added, ‘the construction of numerous mummy cases, and boxes containing the sacred emblems of the Egyptians; they were invariably fastened with wooden pegs, no nail of any description being visible.’

In their researches throughout the hundred-gated city, Captains Irby and Mangles looked in vain for the remains of either walls or gates. They suggest it as by no means improbable, ‘that it was the numerous porticos, pylons, &c. of the Theban temples, that gave to her the boasted reputation of a hundred gates,’ rather than any outlets to the city that ever existed. A characteristic specimen of the *accuracy* of the French savans, is mentioned in connexion with the circular astronomical table found on the cieling of the Temple of Isis at Tentyra,—‘a monument of the same kind as the Isiac table at Turin.’

‘It was in the cieling of the other half of this chamber, that Mr. Ruppell discovered a complete lunar system, which had totally escaped Denon and all the French savans. Mr. R. took an exact copy of this interesting tablet, clearly making it to contain twelve moons and a bit of another, which no doubt was meant for the odd five days, as the twelve make three hundred and sixty. As this throws an additional light on the Egyptian mode of calculating the year, it is a matter of no small interest, and reflects the more credit on Mr. Ruppell, as so many travellers have examined this chamber, and this circumstance never occurred to them. In the great French work, *they have put down fourteen or fifteen moons, never having taken the trouble to count them.*’ p. 152.

We must take leave of Egypt, and, for the present, of Sir Frederick Henniker, who bids adieu to ‘the least romantic but most useful of rivers,’ as he terms the Nile, seemingly in a fit of ennui and satiety. ‘There is,’ he says, ‘scarcely one spot on its banks that would attract the attention of an artist, nor an object of antiquity comparable to the Parthenon and Coliseum,’—notwithstanding that he was lost in admiration at Dendera, confessing that very few buildings afford as much delight as its temple, and still more enraptured at Ebsambal. The disparaging and indeed unsuitable comparison did not then occur to him. But now, Egypt is a bore, and the plague is beginning to shew itself at Cairo, which naturally enough increases our Baronet’s eagerness to make his escape. He accepts the offer of a passage to Tor in his way to Mount Sinai. Very op-

posite is the feeling with regard to Egypt, expressed by Capt. Mangles.

‘Certainly, to an amateur of the picturesque, the ruins of Syria must have a decided advantage over those of Egypt, where an arid climate prevents the appearance of the least spot of verdure on a ruined fabric, be it ever so old. The traveller is, however, highly recompensed for this deficiency, by the comparatively high state of preservation in which he finds the Egyptian monuments, notwithstanding their superior antiquity; and I really believe that he who has once seen Egypt, will never feel equally interested in any other country. It is this feeling that has brought Mr. Bankes back to the Nile, after having explored Greece, Asia Minor, and the Archipelago; and he is now gone a second time to Thebes.’ p. 182.

Palestine has little to offer to the traveller in the shape of ancient monuments: the interest of the country rests almost entirely on historical associations. The slow hand of Time has been anticipated by the devastations of holy and unholy wars, and Crusaders have committed scarcely less ravages than the Moslems. Captains Irby and Mangles left Cairo on the 1st of October 1817; their plan was, to cross the desert on camels to Gaza, to visit the whole sea-coast up to Latachia, and thence to cross the mountains to Aleppo. The Letter which details this route, contains the least novelty of information. The country between Gaza and Jaffa has been fully described in the works of Dr. Richardson and Ali Bey. Between Jaffa and Tyre, the coast presents few stations of remarkable interest, and Pococke, Maundrell, Clarke, and Buckingham, have left little to be supplied with respect to these. The sites of some ancient towns still remain to be identified; in particular, those of Eleutheropolis, Ekron, Apollonica, Antipatris, and Anthedon. But we find nothing in the present volume, adapted to throw much fresh light on the topography of this part of Palestine.

Our fellow-travellers proceeded along the coast as high as Tripoli, which they reached on the 18th day after leaving Gaza. They describe it as the neatest town they had seen in Syria: it is seated at the foot of the mountains, at some distance from the sea-shore. The port, an indifferent one, is nearly an hour’s distance from the town, and all the way there are square towers, apparently of the time of the Crusades. The village of Eden, in the neighbourhood of which are the representatives of the ancient Cedars, is about ten hours from Tripoli: it is ‘delightfully situated, by the side of a rich and highly cultivated valley,’ and contains between four and five hundred families, who annually descend, however, on the approach of winter, to a village only an hour’s distance from Tripoli, to pre-



vent their being imprisoned in their mountain home by the snows. Eden is still called by the natives Aden. We transcribe the account of our Author's visit to the Cedars.

' Early on Friday morning, we set out by moonlight for the Cedars, and arrived a little after day-light. The ascent from Eden is but little; the distance, allowing for the windings of the road, which is very rugged, and passes over occasional hill and dale, may be about five miles. On the right, higher up the mountain, is a larger and deeper vale than that of Eden, with the village of Beshiri in the bottom: this valley is very rich and picturesque. It is surrounded by lofty mountains, and is watered by a winding stream. It reminded us of the vale of the Dive in Savoy, and its "Pont de Chevres." The famous Cedars of Lebanon are situated on a small eminence, in a valley at the foot of the highest part of the mountain. The land on the mountain's side has a sterile aspect, and the trees are remarkable by being altogether in one clump. From this spot, the Cedars are the only trees to be seen in Lebanon. There may be about fifty of them, but their present appearance ill corresponds to the character given of them in Scripture. There did not appear to be one tree among the whole, which had much merit, either for dimensions or beauty; the largest among them would appear to be the junction of four or five trunks in one tree. According to Maundrell, this is twelve yards in girth; but we are much more inclined to agree with Volney than with Maundrell, in the description which these travellers have respectively given of the Cedars of Lebanon. Numerous names carved on the trunks of the greater trees, some of which are as far back as 1640, bear testimony to the curiosity of individuals to visit this interesting spot, which is nearly surrounded by the barren chain of Lebanon, in the form of an amphitheatre of about thirty miles circuit, the opening being towards the sea. We thought the *tout ensemble* more represented the Apennines at the back of Genoa, than any other mountain scenery we had witnessed.' pp. 209, 10.

We must confess that we are somewhat surprised at the respectful reference made to Volney's authority in more than one instance by these gentlemen; a traveller whose veracity is as suspicious as his accuracy. In the present instance, we are led to suspect that the Writer speaks from a very vague recollection of the description given by either Volney or Maundrell. The former contents himself with a sneer at the boasted cedars — '*four or five large trees, the only ones remaining, and which have nothing in them particular, are not worth,*' he says, '*the trouble you must take in climbing the precipices which lead to them.*' This misrepresentation is in direct disagreement with the account given by the present Travellers. Maundrell says: '*The noble trees grow amongst the snow near the highest part of Lebanon, and are remarkable as well for their own age and largeness, as for those frequent allusions made to them in the*



‘ word of God. Here are some of them very old, and of a prodigious bulk, and others younger of a smaller size. Of the former I could reckon up *only sixteen*, and the latter are very numerous. I measured one of the largest, and found it twelve yards sixth inches in girth, and yet sound, and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs. At above five or six yards from the ground, it was divided into five limbs, each of which was equal to a great tree.’ This was in 1696. Pococke, one of the most learned and accurate travellers, describes them (in 1738) with greater minuteness. ‘ The cedars,’ he says, ‘ form a grove about a mile in circumference, which consists of some large cedars that are near to one another, a great number of young cedars, and some pines. The great cedars, at some distance, look like very large spreading oaks; the bodies of the trees are short, dividing at bottom into three or four, some of which growing up together for about ten feet, appear something like those Gothic columns which seem to be composed of several pillars. Higher up they begin to spread horizontally. One that had the roundest body, though not the largest, measured 24 feet in circumference; and another, with a sort of triple body as described above, and of a triangular figure, measured 12 feet on each side. The young cedars are not easily known from pines: I observed they bear a greater quantity of fruit than the large ones. The wood does not differ from white deal in appearance, nor does it seem to be harder: it has a fine smell, but not so fragrant as the juniper of America, which is commonly called Cedar; and it also falls short of it in beauty. I took a piece of the wood from a great tree that was blown down by the wind, and left there to rot: there are *fifteen* large ones standing.’ This fallen tree makes up precisely Maundrell’s sixteen, which shews the accuracy of that most honest Traveller. ‘ I observed,’ adds Pococke, ‘ that cypress are the only trees that grow towards the top, which, being nipped by the cold, do not grow spirally, but like small oaks; and it may be concluded that this tree bears cold better than any other\*.’ Possibly, the trees in question are of the species of cypress termed white cedar (*Cupressus thyoides*,) or Arbor-vitæ-leaved cypress. Some species of cypress, according to Pliny, was indigenous to Mount Ida, and grew on its highest point, though covered with snow; and some of the mountains in Persia are covered with cypress trees. The cedars grow in a plain between the highest parts of Mount Lebanon, on which the cypress, it seems, is found.

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\*“ A Description of the East,” &c. B. II. c. 5.

It is strange that no other traveller should have noticed this; especially as the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus is a sufficient voucher for the fact that both species were indigenous to these parts: "I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cypress-tree upon the mountains of Hermon." (ch. xxiv. 13.) Mr. Jolliffe, who visited them in 1817, describes the trees as spread over a knoll of between three and four acres at a place called *Areze*\*. Mr. Kinneir, who visited them in 1813, says: 'The once celebrated cedars are now only to be found in one particular spot of the great mountainous range which bears the name of Libanus, and that in so scanty a number as not to exceed four or five hundred.† Burckhardt thus describes them in 1810.

' They stand on uneven ground, and form a small wood. Of the oldest and best looking trees, I counted *eleven or twelve*; twenty-five were very large ones; about fifty of middling size; and more than three hundred smaller and young ones. The oldest trees are distinguished by having the foliage and small branches at the top only, and by four, five, or even seven trunks springing from one base. The branches and foliage of the other were lower, but I saw none whose leaves touched the ground, like those in Kew Gardens. The trunks of the old trees are covered with the names of travellers and other persons who have visited them. I saw a date of the seventeenth century. The trunks of the oldest trees seem to be *quite dead*; the wood is of a gray tint. I took off a piece of one of them, but it was afterwards stolen.' "Travels in Syria." p. 19.

Lastly, Dr. Richardson, in 1818, thus describes the spot.

' From the towering height of this snow-covered mountain, we beheld the sea with clouds hanging over it; the irregular mountain foreground, that concealed the plains of Tripoli, and seemed to stretch on to the ocean; the delightful village of Eden and numerous other villages that covered the sides, or occupied the base, of a deep and fertile ravine, with a profusion of walnut and mulberry trees; all of which, seen from the summit of the far-famed Lebanon, formed a most enchanting prospect, which we quit with reluctance. The descent is rather precipitous, and winds, by a long circuitous direction, down the side of the mountain. In a few minutes we came in sight of the far-famed cedars that lay down before us on our right. The natives call them Arselibân. At first, they appeared like a dark spot on the base of the mountain, and afterwards like a clump of dwarfish shrubs that possessed neither dignity nor beauty, nor any thing that entitled them to a visit, but the name. In about an hour and a half

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\* Eclectic Review. Vol. XIII. p. 170.

† "Journey through Asia Minor." p. 172.



we reached them. They are large, and tall, and beautiful, the most picturesque productions of the vegetable world that we had seen. There are in this clump two generations of trees; the oldest are large and massy, rearing their heads to an enormous height, and spreading their branches afar. We measured one of them, which we afterwards saw was not the largest in the clump, and found it thirty-two feet in circumference. Seven of these trees have a particularly ancient appearance; the rest are younger, but equally tall, though, for want of space, their branches are not so spreading. The clump is so small, that a person may walk round it in half an hour. The old cedars are not found in any other part of Lebanon. Young trees are occasionally met with; they are very productive, and cast many seeds annually.' *Travels along the Mediterranean*. Vol. II. pp. 512, 13.

It seems from this account, that, of the sixteen patriarchs mentioned by Maundrell and Pococke, seven only survive; and probably, in less than a century, not one of these sylvan monuments will be standing. Volney, it is charitable to suppose, saw them only from a great distance, when they might have the appearance he describes, as they had at first to Dr. Richardson: one would think he could not have visited the spot. For the representation given by Captain Mangles, we cannot account; it is so incorrect in many respects, and the reference to Volney casts suspicion on the whole. Of one thing we can assure these gentlemen, that the Eden of Lebanon, though, in all probability, the same that is referred to by Ezekiel, (ch. xxxi. 8, 9.) is *not* the same Eden as that from which our first parents were expelled.

We have possibly bestowed more than proportionate attention on this subject; for, after all, the only fact of any importance in connexion with Scripture illustration, is that of the cedar's being indigenous to the mountains of Lebanon. This being incontestible, whether the cedars at present to be found there are older or younger, is a point of little moment. No one imagines, we presume, that there is any thing miraculous in their preservation, or that these old cedars were standing in King Solomon's days. The oldest cedars in this kingdom date not above a hundred and fifty years back: they are supposed to reach their maturity in less than three centuries. There can be little doubt, that the mountains of Libanus were formerly clothed with far nobler specimens of this majestic tree than any which are at present to be seen there. But now, "Bashan languisheth, and Carmel, and the flower of Lebanon languisheth." The ax has been busy there during nearly three thousand years, and the torch of war has made still wider desolation. As a specimen of the discrepancies in travellers' stories, the differing accounts are not a little curious.

Captains Irby and Mangles visited Balbec, and then returned to Tripoli, whence they started for Aleppo. They passed through Latachia, the ancient Laodicea, where there appear to be some interesting antiquities, and in the neighbourhood some sepulchral caves; but, 'as they have no paintings,' say our Travellers, 'we did not think it worth while to visit them.' A strange reason, were it not that they were fresh from Nubia. Here again we are provokingly referred to the romancing Frenchman for further information. The banks of the Orontes are described as far exceeding in beauty, the expectation of the Travellers.

'We now began to follow the banks of the river, and were astonished at the beauty of the scenery, far surpassing any thing we expected to see in Syria, and indeed, any thing we had witnessed even in Switzerland, though we walked nine hundred miles in that country, and saw most of its beauty. The river, from the time we began to trace its banks, ran continually between two high hills, winding and turning incessantly: at times the road led along precipices in the rocks, looking down perpendicularly on the river. The luxuriant variety of foliage was prodigious, and the rich green myrtle, which was very plentiful, contrasted with the colour of the road, the soil of which was a dark red gravel, made us imagine we were riding through pleasure-grounds. The laurel, laurestinus, bay-tree, fig-tree, wild vine, plane-tree, English sycamore, arbutus, both common and andrachne, dwarf oak, &c. were scattered in all directions. At times the road was overhung with rocks covered with ivy; the mouths of caverns also presented themselves, and gave a wildness to the scene; and the perpendicular cliffs jutted into the river upwards of three hundred feet high, forming corners round which the waters ran in a most romantic manner. We descended at times into plains cultivated with mulberry plantations and vines, and prettily studded with picturesque cottages. The occasional shallows of the river keeping up a perpetual roaring, completed the beauty of this scene, which lasted about two hours, when we entered the plain of Suadeah (Seleucia,) where the river becomes of a greater breadth, and runs in as straight a line as a canal.' pp. 225, 6.

The Authors express their regret at not having been able to visit the ruins of the city and groves of Daphne, for want of a guide, which it was impossible to procure. Pococke says: 'The place called Battelma, about five miles south of Antioch, must have been Daphne, about which there are several fountains: the palace of Daphne is placed, in the Jerusalem Itinerary, five miles from Antioch in the way to Latachia.' Battelma, our Travellers do not mention: they probably left it to their right, as Pococke mentions a road different from that which he took, which goes over the eastern side of Mount Cassius, and to the west of a village called *Ordou*, and soon



after joins the other road. If Pococke's *Ordou* be Captain M.'s *Lourdee*, (no violent conjecture,) this must have been their route. At Aleppo, they found Mr. Bankes, then on his way to re-visit Nubia. He paid our Travellers the compliment to say, he wished they might travel together, 'as he heard we were the only travellers he had met with, who go after is method.' What this method is, we regret that our Authors have not thought proper to explain. They had entertained an idea of visiting Bagdad and Babylon, as had Mr. Bankes; but a letter shewn them by the Dutch consul, assured them that 'there is nothing whatever to be seen' there, and, strange to say, on this assurance, they contentedly gave up the plan. There are not paintings, or temples, or pyramids, assuredly; yet, we should have imagined that Mr. Bankes might have found work there, and that the banks of the Tigris had been worth seeing.

At Hamah, they witnessed a melancholy scene, a specimen of the Turkish slave-trade. Eleven Georgian girls, the remnant of between forty and fifty who had been kidnapped, were brought in to be sold to such wealthy Turks as could afford to bid high enough. They were mostly between fifteen and twenty years of age; two were about twelve; 'all exceedingly pretty, with black sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, long black hair, and very fair complexion, giving a very strong contradiction to what Volney writes of the Georgian and Circassian women.' One of these poor girls had no lower a price put upon her than £252. 'They were all taken out four different times, and conducted through the town to the rich Turkish houses, to be viewed and bid for, the same as any other merchandise.' In this manner, they had been exposed for sale at all the principal towns as they came along; they had been conducted on horseback, but their diet was of a piece with their brutal treatment in other respects. They were now destined for Damascus.

Palmyra, our Travellers represent as much less worth seeing than Balbec, and altogether 'hardly worthy of the time, expense, anxiety, and fatiguing journey through the wilderness,' they had incurred in order to visit it. The plates of Wood and Dawkins, they complain, 'have done *but too much justice* to the originals.'

'Great was our disappointment, when, on a minute examination, we found that there was not a single column, pediment, architrave, portal, frieze, or any architectural remnant worthy of admiration. None of the columns exceeded in diameter four feet, or in height forty feet. Taken as a *tout ensemble*, these ruins are certainly more remarkable, by reason of their extent, (being nearly a mile and a

half in length,) than any we have witnessed; and, exclusive of the Arab village of Tadmor, which occupies the peristyle court of the Temple of the Sun, and the Turkish burying-place, there are no obstructions whatever to the antiquities. 'Take any part of the ruins separately, and they excite but little interest.' p. 270.

The tombs, however, were found very interesting, and differed in their construction from any thing they had seen, consisting of a number of square towers, three, four, and five stories high.

'There are generally five sepulchral chambers one over the other, and on each side are eight recesses, each divided into four or five parts for the reception of corpses; the lower chamber, in some instances, fronts an excavation in the side of the hill contiguous to it. The best of these lower apartments which we saw are very handsome, the sides being ornamented with sculpture and fluted Corinthian pilasters, though the walls were plain white stucco, without any figures or emblematical representation. The ceiling, on which the paint is still very perfect, is ornamented, like that of the peristyle court of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, with the heads of different heathen deities, and disposed in diamond-shaped divisions. We were much interested by the remains of some of the mummies and mummy cloths, which appear to have been preserved very much after the manner of the Egyptians, only that the gum had lost all that odour, resembling frankincense, which we noticed in Egypt. We found a hand in tolerable preservation. But after all, you must not imagine that these sepulchres are in any way so interesting as those of Egypt. You here look in vain for those beautiful paintings, &c. which so well portray the manners and customs of the ancients. We observed the marble folding-doors, still erect, of some of the grander tombs situated in the town; these latter are much dilapidated: the doors were carved in pannels, but ill executed and unpolished.—We agree with Mr. Banks, that many of the small square rows of columns which Wood and Dawkins suppose to have inclosed temples, were no other than the open court of private edifices which inclosed fountains.'

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'The situation is beautiful, being on the side of a ravine, with a picturesque stream running at the bottom. As this place appears to be as ancient as the ruins of Scythopolis, and full two thirds of its size, it appears unaecountable that history should not mention a place so near "the principal city of the Decapolis" (Gadara) as this is. We searched for inscriptions, but in vain. The ruins of a fine temple are situated near the water side, and among the columns are discovered the three orders of architecture, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian.—The river passing to the South, finally communicates with the Jordan.' p. 304.

to 'obliquity of intellect,' and suppressing Mr. B.'s arguments. D'Anville, following Pliny, places Gadara on the Hieromax, and says that it is now called *Kedar*. From Capt. Mangles's account, the site in question is at some distance from the plain of the Yarmack, and between Om Keis and Kedar there seems no traceable resemblance. He notices 'a small ancient site' on the banks of the river, but says: It contains 'nothing of interest: the map marks it *Amatha*.' That Oom Kais is in "the country of the Gadarenès," there is no question. Mr. Buckingham notices the circumstance, though the Reviewer represents him as ignorant of the fact. In the opinion, that it is the site of Gamala, Mr. B. is not singular. Burckhardt says, 'I am doubtful to what ancient city the ruins of Om Keis are to be ascribed.' On which his Editor has this note: '*It was probably Gamala, which Josephus describes as standing upon a mountain bordered by precipices.*' Pliny and Jerome are both cited as authorities for the different position of Gadara. The former says: *Gadara Hieromiace præterfluente*. Jerome describes it as *urbs trans Jordanem contra Scythopolin et Tiberiadem ad orientalem plagam, sita in monte ad cujus radices aquæ calidæ erumpunt, balneis super ædificatis*. El Hossn, Mr. Banks's Gamala, Burkhardt conjectures to be 'the remains of Regaba or Argob.' *Amatha* is supposed to have been Szalt. May not Gadara be, after all, the 'ancient site' on the Yarmack?

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Some excavations in the side of the hills at a short distance are supposed to be the *necropolis* of the city. It is a singular omission on the part of the Writer, that the name of the stream is not mentioned: possibly they were not able to ascertain it. It seems to correspond to the *Wady Yabes* of Burckhardt, in which we seem to have a nearer approach to the *Jabbok* of Scripture, than in Yarmack (Jarmouk) or in Zerka. We know not on what authority the Zerka is usually identified with the Jabbok: that the Hieromax may be the Jabbok, is merely a conjecture of Pococke's. It is now called *Sheriat el Mand-hour*. Burckhardt mentions ruins at Beit el Ras, which he was told were of large extent, but did not visit, an hour and a half out of the road between Erbad and Om Keis; and one hour and a half to the N. E. of Hebras, are the ruins of the ancient Abila, one of the towns of the Decapolis. Neither of these places appears to answer to the situation of the city described by Captain Mangles. If the stream they mention be the Yabes, and our etymological conjecture be admissible, we should be tempted to believe, that the nameless city they discovered, was no other than Pella itself, which D'Anville places on the Jabbok.

Djerash, supposed to be Geraza, our Travellers hold to be a much finer mass of ruins than Palmyra. It has been built on two sides of a valley, with a fine stream running through it. It is so fully described by Burckhardt, that we shall not stop to notice the remarks of our Authors. Its position does not at all agree with that given to Gerasa by D'Anville from the ancient authorities, who places it to the N. E. of the lake of Tiberias, forty miles to the N. W. of this site. But the modern name is considered as sufficient to identify it; although Capt. Mangles says, 'nothing but the similarity of names would lead one to suppose that the ruins at Djerash are Ger-rasa.' Where the modern name answers to the old Hebrew name, the greatest stress, we think, may be laid on such resemblance; but the Roman names have been in so few instances adopted and preserved by the natives, (and in those instances, it has, for the most part been a new settlement that has retained its name, as at Cesarea, rather than a mere change of appellation,) that we should be inclined to consider a coincidence between the Arabic and the classical names, unsupported by authorities, as merely accidental. If the Essa of Josephus be Gerasa, it would be difficult to reconcile its ancient with its modern appellation. It is quite evident, that any decision would be at present quite premature, with regard to the real situation of the ancient cities of the Decapolis. Szalt, which has been thought to be the ancient Amathus,



Capt. Mangles supposes to be Machærus, where John the Baptist was beheaded. For this conjecture, we are probably indebted to their companion Mr. Bankes; but we wish some reason had been assigned. We are sometimes sadly perplexed with our worthy Captain's orthography. Having, however, only his ear to guide him, it is not surprising that he should have come no nearer to the original. Thus *Kalaat* (castle) *el Rabbad* is written *Callah-el-Rubbat*; *Djenne* is spelt *Eugen*; *Djelaad* and *Djelaoud* (Gilead), are written *Gihad Gilhood*; but what *Kaffer Baiter* and *Bait Forage* mean, we cannot conjecture. The last-mentioned would seem to promise good accommodation for man and horse. A considerable tract is assigned in the map, to the *Benesuckher* Arabs, and the name occurs perpetually in the text. It was some time before we recognised them as the tribe mentioned by Dr. Richardson, bearing the name of Ben Issachar, or, as Burckhardt spells it, Beni Szakher. It would have been easy, by means of Burckhardt and other authorities, to avoid these needless and perplexing variations.

At Jerusalem, our Travellers spent a month, but they have nothing to say about it: they refer us to Maundrell, through whose spectacles they looked at every thing. They represent the water of the Dead Sea to be 'as bitter and as buoyant as people have reported.'

'Those of our people who could not swim, floated on its surface like corks. On dipping the head in, the eyes smarted dreadfully, and we were much surprised to observe, on coming out of the lake, that the water did not evaporate from the body as is the case on emerging from fresh water, but adhered to the skin, and was greasy to the touch.' p. 330.

The tour to Petra and round the Dead Sea, which occupies the fifth Letter, is in some respects the most interesting portion of the volume. It was the most adventurous expedition, and the travellers were fully repaid for their enterprise. Two Europeans only had ever been at either Kerek or Wady Mousa,—Sheikh Ibrahim (Burckhardt) and Mr. Seetzen; and these were both dead. The party consisted of Mr. Legh with his attendants, Mr. Bankes with his, and Captains Irby and Mangles, mustering altogether eleven persons. So bad a character do the wandering tribes of the desert bear, that they were unable to obtain from any of the public authorities, either assistance or firmaun extending to this route. On entering the great plain at the end of the Dead Sea, they found the soil sandy, and perfectly barren. Even the wood which the Lake had thrown up at high-water-mark, was so impregnated with

salt, that it would not burn. Exclusive of the saline appearance left by the retiring waters, several large fragments of clear rock-salt were found lying about; and the sand-hill on the right of their track, was found composed partly of salt and partly of hardened sand.

‘ In many instances, the salt was hanging from cliffs in clear perpendicular points like icicles, and we observed numerous strata of that material of considerable thickness, having very little sand mixed with it. Strabo mentions that to the southward of the Dead Sea there are towns and cities built entirely of salt; and although such an account seems strange, yet, when we contemplated the scene before us, it did not seem improbable.’

Leaving the salt hill, their track led for an hour and a half across the barren flats of the back-water, ‘ now left dry by the ‘ effects of evaporation,’\* intersected by drains, some wet, and others dry. They then entered on a very prettily wooded country, covered with a rich variety of remarkable wild plants. Among the trees, they noticed various species of the acacia, the dwarf mimosa, the ‘ doom,’ the tamarisk, the ‘ oschar,’ and one ‘ curious tree’ the fruit of which resembled the currant in its growth, but with the colour of the plum: ‘ it has a pleasant, though strong aromatic taste, exactly resembling mustard, and, if taken in any quantity, produces a similar irritability in the nose and eyes to that which is caused by mustard.’ The leaves have the same pungent flavour as the fruit, but not so strong. The Authors suggest, that this, rather than the mustard-plant of the North, may be the tree alluded to in our Saviour’s parable; this being really a tree, the plant an annual not growing above five or six feet high. But it is clear, that the plant to which our Lord alludes as raised from the smallest of seeds, was *not* a tree, but “ the greatest of herbs” (*λαχαναν*), only becoming a tree (*δενδρον*), or plant (*frutex arborescens*, Schil.), at its utmost growth. After crossing the Houssan, they proceeded along the foot of mountains, bounding the plains on the East. Their track, which was rugged and barren in the extreme, was strewed with innumerable fragments of red and grey granite, grey, red, and black porphyry, serpentine, black basalt, breccia, and many other species, all from the neighbouring mountains; they are, however, said to be composed chiefly of sand-stone and bad marble. In refreshing

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\* They afterwards had an opportunity of observing the effect of the evaporation, arising from the Lake ‘ in broad transparent columns of vapour, not unlike water-spouts in appearance, but very much larger.’ (p. 447.)



contrast to this barren scene, they found the Wady el Derrah covered in profusion with the palm, acacia, aspine, and oleander in full flower and beauty, perfuming the whole place. The same rich vegetation clothed the banks of the river Souff Saffa. (qy. *Szafszaf*?) Kerek or Karrak—a common name, says Burckhardt, in Syria—contains, according to that Traveller, about 400 Turkish and 150 Christian families; the latter, descendants chiefly of refugees from Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Beit Djade. Our Authors suppose the numbers to be about equal. The Christians are on very good terms with the Turks, and appear to enjoy equal freedom. Within the castle, apparently of Mahomedan architecture, is a Christian church, ill constructed of small stones, with small narrow windows, a circular end, and arched front, like ‘the house of St. Peter’ at Tiberias. As Godfrey of Boulogne took Kerek, (calling it *Mons Regalis*,) the church is probably referrible to the days of the Crusaders. On the walls, there is an imperfect inscription in Gothic letters. The Christians are Greeks, the least observant of religious duties of any of that Church in Syria; and the place (under the name of Petras) is the see of a Greek bishop, who, of course, is a non-resident, living at Jerusalem, but visiting his diocese every five or six years. About a mile to the S.W. of the castle is a source, the name of which is a memorial of the occupation of this country by the Crusaders: it is called *Ain-el-Frangee*, or the Franks’ Fountain.

Soon after leaving Kerek, they entered on a country of fine downs, interspersed with sites of towns on every eminence or spot convenient for the construction of one; and, as all the land is capable of cultivation, there can be little doubt that this now deserted country once presented a picture of fertility and prosperity. The Arabs reported to Volney, that, to the S.E. of the Lake Asphaltes, within three days’ journey, there were upwards of 300 ruined towns absolutely deserted. Capt. Mangles thinks, that this must be the quarter alluded to by the Arabs, and that the statement was at least founded on fact.

In descending into the Wady-el-Hussein, the Travellers observed on their right, a great quantity of lava and black volcanic stone, which seemed to have issued from the neighbouring ridge. Further on, three dark volcanic eminences were distinguishable from the sand; and the lava that had streamed from them, formed ‘a sort of island in the plain;’ while on the right of the road, was another volcanic mount, covered with scorice of a reddish colour, and extremely light. At Shobek is a church, the interior of which is in the pure Gothic style; the exterior has more of the Oriental. A Latin in-

scription in the architrave of the principal door, leaves no doubt that this was another of the works of the 'Frank kings' of Jerusalem. Shobek, with the great district surrounding it, is under the dominion of the shiekh Mahommed Abou Raschid. To this spirited young chief the Travellers were entirely indebted for being able to make their way to Wady Mousa, in spite of the determined opposition of the inhabitants of the village, who conceded the point at last with an ill grace, clearly through dread of the stronger party. Some hundred yards below the head of the stream, begin the outskirts of the vast Necropolis of Petra. The description of this most singular and interesting site is much too long to transcribe; but we must make room for a few extracts. The most remarkable tombs stand near the road, which follows the course of the brook. The first of these is cut in a mass of whitish rock, in some measure insulated.

'The centre represents a square tower with pilasters at the corner, and with several successive bands of frieze and entablature above; two low wings project from it at right angles, and present each of them a recess in the manner of a portico, which consists of two columns whose capitals have an affinity with the Doric order, between corresponding antæ; there are, however, no triglyphs above. Three sides of a square area, are thus enclosed; the fourth has been shut in by a low wall and two colossal lions on each side; all much decayed. The interior has been a place of sepulture for several bodies.'

The taste which prevails in the decoration of most of the façades of these excavations, is fantastical in the extreme; they are loaded with ornaments, in the Roman manner, but in 'bad taste,' displaying an 'unmeaning richness and littleness of conception.' In one instance, upon a plain front without any other decoration than a single moulding, are set, in a recess, four tall and taper pyramids. The effect is singular and surprising, but combining too little with the rest of the elevation to be good. 'Our attention,' says Capt. M. 'was the more attracted by this monument, as it presents, perhaps, the only existing example of pyramids so applied; though we read of them as placed in a similar manner on the summit of the tombs of the Maccabees and of the Queen of Adiabene, both in the neighbouring province of Palestine.' As the sides of the valley become more precipitous and rugged, the large and lofty towers which are represented in relief on the lower part of the precipice, are formed, higher up, by the rock being cut down on all sides. The greater number of them present themselves to the high road, but others stand back in the wild



nooks and recesses of the mountain. Such quadrangular towers, our Travellers remark to have been a fashionable form of sepulchre in several inland districts of the East: they abound at Palmyra, and are seen in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; but there, the details and ornaments betray an imitation of Roman architecture, while at Petra they bear the marks of a peculiar and indigenous style. 'Their sides have generally a slight degree of that inclination towards each other, which is one of the characteristics of Egyptian edifices, and they are crowned with the Egyptian torus and concave frieze.' Chateaubriand has remarked on the manifest alliance of the Egyptian and the Grecian taste in the tombs at Jerusalem. 'From this alliance resulted,' he says, 'a heterogeneous kind of monuments, forming, as it were, the link between the Pyramids and the Parthenon.' Among this multitude of tombs, two only contained inscriptions: the characters of these, Mr. Banks detected to be exactly similar to those which he had seen scratched on the rocks about the foot of Mount Sinai, and they are supposed to be some form of the Syriac. It was the eastern approach to Petra which the Travellers were pursuing. As they advanced,

'the natural features of the defile grew more and more imposing at every step, and the excavations and sculpture more frequent on both sides, till it presented at last a continued street of tombs, beyond which the rocks, gradually approaching each other, seemed all at once to close without any outlet. There is, however, one frightful chasm for the passage of the stream, which furnishes, as it did anciently, the only avenue to Petra on this side. It is impossible to conceive any thing more awful or sublime than such an approach. The width is not more than just sufficient for the passage of two horsemen abreast; the sides are in all parts perpendicular, varying from four hundred to seven hundred feet in height; and they often overhang to such a degree, that, without their absolutely meeting, the sky is intercepted and completely shut out for one hundred yards together, and there is little more light than in a cavern. The screaming of the eagles, hawks, and owls who were soaring above our heads in considerable numbers, seemingly annoyed at any one approaching their lonely habitation, added much to the singularity of this scene. The tamarisk, the wild fig, and the oleander grow luxuriantly about the road, rendering the passages often difficult: in some places, they hang down most beautifully from the cliffs and crevices where they had taken root. The caper plant was also in luxuriant growth, the continued shade furnishing them with moisture.

'Very near the entrance into this romantic pass, a bold arch is thrown across at a great height, connecting the opposite sides of the cliff. Whether this was part of an upper road upon the summit of the mountain, or whether it be a portion of an aqueduct, which seems less probable, we had no opportunity of examining; but, as the tra-

veller passes under it, its appearance is most surprising, hanging thus above his head betwixt two rugged masses apparently inaccessible. The ravine, without changing much its general direction, presents so many elbows and windings in its course, that the eye can seldom penetrate forward beyond a few paces, and is often puzzled to distinguish in what direction the passage will open, so completely does it appear obstructed. . . . We followed this sort of half-subterranean passage for the space of nearly two miles, the sides increasing in height as the path continually descended, while the tops of the precipices retained their former level. Where they are at the highest, a beam of stronger light breaks in at the close of the dark perspective, and opens to view, half seen at first through the tall narrow opening, columns, statues, and cornices of a light and finished taste, as if fresh from the chisel, without the tints or weather-stains of age, and executed in a stone of a pale rose colour, which was warmed, at the moment we came in sight of them, with the full light of the morning sun. The dark green of the shrubs that grow in this perpetual shade, and the sombre appearance of the passage whence we were about to issue, formed a fine contrast with the glowing colour of this edifice. We know not with what to compare this scene: perhaps there is nothing in the world that resembles it. Only a portion of a very extensive architectural elevation is seen at first; but it has been so contrived, that a statue with expanded wings, perhaps of victory, just fills the centre of the aperture in front, which being closed below by the sides of the rock folding over each other, gives to the figure the appearance of being suspended in the air at a considerable height; the ruggedness of the cliffs below setting off the sculpture to the highest advantage. The rest of the design opened gradually as we advanced, till the narrow defile, which had continued thus far without any increase of breadth, spreads on both sides into an open area of a moderate size, whose sides are by nature inaccessible, and present the same awful and romantic features as the avenues which lead to it: this opening gives admission to a great body of light from the eastward. The position is one of the most beautiful that could be imagined for the front of a great temple, the richness and exquisite finish of whose decorations offer a most remarkable contrast to the savage scenery. No part is built, the whole being purely a work of excavation; and its minutest embellishments, wherever the hand of man has not purposely effaced them, are so perfect, that it may be doubted whether any work of the ancients, excepting, perhaps, some on the banks of the Nile, have come down to our time so little injured by the lapse of age. There is, in fact, scarcely a building of forty years' standing in England, so well preserved in the greater part of its architectural decorations.

‘The area before the temple is about 50 yards in width, and about three times as long. It terminates to the S. in a wild precipitous cliff. The defile assumes for about 300 yards, the same features which characterize the eastern approach, with an infinite variety of tombs, both Arabian and Roman, on either side. This pass conducts (in a N. W. direction) to the theatre: and here, the ruins of the city



burst on the view in their full grandeur, shut in on the opposite side, by barren, craggy precipices, from which numerous ravines and valleys like those we had passed, branch out in all directions.'

Those which they examined, were found to end precipitously, and there is no getting out of them, except, in one instance, by climbing the precipice.

'The sides of the mountains, covered with an endless variety of excavated tombs and private dwellings, presented altogether, the most singular scene we had ever beheld: and we must despair to give the reader an idea of the singular effect of rocks tinted with the most extraordinary hues, whose summits present us with nature in her most savage and romantic form, while their bases are worked out in all the symmetry and regularity of art, with colonnades, and pediments, and ranges of corridors adhering to the perpendicular surface.'

pp. 414—423.

There can be no doubt that this extraordinary spot is, as Burckhardt supposed, the Petra of Pliny and Strabo, the capital of the Nabataei; notwithstanding that the Greek Church has transferred the name of Battrā, with its metropolitan honours, to Kerek, which Burckhardt concludes to be the Charax of Pliny. Thus, the very existence of the real Petra, has been hitherto blotted out from memory. One of the most remarkable of the excavations has evidently served as a Christian church. Near an angle in the walls, is 'an inscription in red paint, recording the date of its consecration'—what date, or in what character, is not mentioned. Two days, from day-break to dusk, were spent by our Travellers upon these ruins; but they could not in that time half explore them. At a considerable distance, a temple was descried, larger apparently than that which fronts the eastern approach; they were unable to discover the path to it. There was enough, in short, to have employed the party four days more at least, but nothing could obtain from the Arabs a further respite. Burckhardt's survey was still more hasty, as he owed his safety to passing for a Moslem; in which character he did not scruple to sacrifice a goat to Haroun (Aaron), in sight of the Prophet's tomb, which overlooks the city. It serves to identify the site, that Josephus expressly mentions the place of Aaron's decease being near the metropolis of Arabia Petræa; and Eusebius says, that the tomb of Aaron was shewn near Petra. The Travellers, therefore, could have no doubt that it was Mount Hor, whose rugged pinnacle towered up before them, adding another picturesque and interesting feature to this extraordinary scene. The tomb itself, which is accessible only by means of a steep ascent partly artificial—in some places, flights of rude steps or

niches being formed in the rock—is enclosed in a small modern building, not differing from the general appearance of the tombs of Mahomedan saints. Here, a decrepid old shiekh has resided for forty years, occasionally enduring the fatigue of descending and re-ascending the mountain. Not aware that his visitors were Christians, he furnished them with a lamp of butter to explore the vault or grotto beneath. Towards the further end, lie two corresponding leaves of an iron grating, which formerly prevented all nearer approach to the tomb: these have been thrown down, and the Travellers advanced so far as to touch the ragged pall which covers the hallowed spot. The tomb is patched together out of fragments of stone and marble. Rags and shreds of yarn, with glass beads and paras, have been left as votive offerings by the Arabs.

‘No where,’ says the Writer, ‘is the extraordinary colouring of these mountains more striking than in the road to the Tomb of Aaron. The rock sometimes presented a deep, sometimes a paler blue, and sometimes was occasionally streaked with red, or shaded off to lilac or purple; sometimes a salmon colour was veined in waved lines and circles with crimson and even scarlet, so as to resemble exactly the colour of raw meat; in other places, there are livid stripes of yellow or bright orange; and in some parts all the different colours were ranged side by side in parallel strata; there are portions also with paler tints, and some quite white, but these last seem to be soft, and not good for preserving the sculpture. It is this wonderful variety of colours observable throughout the whole range of mountains, that gives to Petra one of its most characteristic beauties: the façades of the tombs, tastefully as they are sculptured, owe much of their imposing appearance to this infinite diversity of hues in the stone.’

pp. 434, 5.

Such a scene might have furnished the Author of *Rasselas* with a fine model for his happy valley. The Arabian Nights scarcely afford a picture equal in richness to this fantastic city in the rocks,—the monument and mausoleum of a once mighty and now forgotten nation. Thus strikingly is the oracle fulfilled: “Edom shall be a desolation\*.”

We find that we must very briefly give the sequel of the journey. The party, in returning, made an excursion from Kerek, for the purpose of examining the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, of which a sketch is given. They searched for the shells mentioned by Seetzen, as proving that there are living creatures in the Lake, but found none, excepting snail-shells and a small spiral species, invariably empty. Dead

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\* Jer. xlix. 17.



locusts were found in very great numbers, which had not become putrid, nor had they any smell as when cast up by any other sea, being completely penetrated and incrustated with salt; and they had lost their colour. That this Lake is not impassable, however, by living thing, as the ancients fabled, the party had ocular evidence in a pair of Egyptian geese, and afterwards a flight of pigeons, who passed over it. The want of vegetable matter and of fresh water, is a sufficient reason why so few living things are to be seen on the Lake. Lumps of nitre and fine sulphur were picked up on the coast, but these had evidently been brought down from the cliffs. The salt deposited in the shallows and small pools by the receding waters, is in many instances as fine and well bleached as in regular salt-pans. The Travellers were surprised to notice for the first time near the beach, the oskar plant grown to the stature of a tree; its trunk measuring, in some instances, two or more feet in circumference, and the boughs at least fifteen feet high,—a size which far exceeded that of any they saw in Nubia.

‘There is very little doubt,’ says Captain M., ‘of this being the fruit of the Dead Sea, so often noticed by the ancients as appearing juicy and delicious to the eye, while within it is hollow, or filled with something grating and disagreeable in the mouth. The natives make use of the filaments which are enclosed in the fruit, and which somewhat resemble the down of a thistle, as a stuffing for their cushions; and they likewise twist them, like thin rope, into matches for their guns, which, they assured us, required no application of sulphur to render them combustible.’ p. 450.

From Kerek, proceeding in a N. N. E. direction, the Travellers came in two hours to Rabba; (Rabbath Moab, afterwards Areopolis;) the ruins are inconsiderable. A mile and a half further, are the ruins of Beit Kerm, supposed to be Carnaim. The Wady Modjeb is considered to be the ancient Arnon, the boundary of the Moabites and the Amorites. The Baal Meon or Maon of Scripture, still bears the name of Maan. At Oom i Rasass, (Mother of Stones,) they found very extensive ruins, ‘evidently Christian,’ but not otherwise remarkable. At Heshbon, they passed a night, but had not time to search for the pools. They spent nearly a day in examining the ruins of Rabbath Ammon (Philadelphia), now called Amman: these Burckhardt has fully described. After re-visiting Djerash, they returned to Tiberias, and hence proceeded, through Nazareth, to Acre, where they embarked for Constantinople.

The journey through Asia Minor, which they performed in the fall of the same year, occupies the concluding Letter; but we the less regret our inability to spare room for noticing it, as

it adds very little to our information, and is by far the least interesting portion of the volume. This, however, is not the fault of the Writer, to whom, in parting, we beg to offer the tribute of our warmest thanks and applause for his unaffected and intelligent narrative of travels distinguished by no ordinary degree of enterprise, and awakening, from the countries to which they relate, the highest interest. Every opportunity is taken of illustrating the text of Scripture.

We ought now to take up Sir Frederick Henniker, whom we left in the Desert on his way to Mount Sinai; but he must excuse us. Burckhardt and Mr. Fazakerley have told us all the little that is to be said of those parts,—less facetiously indeed, but more accurately. As he draws near to Holy Land, his jokes, moreover, become more annoying, and his flippancy more palpable. He tells us, that the Red Sea is as blue as either the Black Sea or the White Sea, ('as the Mediterranean 'is called by the Turks,') and talks learnedly of the large assortment of derivations in Quaresmius; ignorant, apparently, that the appellative of the Sea is a translation of *Edom*, that it is in fact the Idumean Sea. He speaks of the 'honey-dew' now termed manna, as if he imagined it to be the same as that which the Jews subsisted on—whether not recollecting or disbelieving the Mosaic account, which is irreconcilable with such a notion, we presume not to determine. At Jerusalem, he learnedly tells us, that the town was formerly *smaller* than it is at present, because the *hill* of Calvary is now within the town, and there is a burial-place at either end. For the first piece of information, he cites *Chateaubriand*: the last is an original reason of his own, which proves both Josephus and Eusebius to be quite mistaken. He finds fault with the mixed architecture of the Jewish monuments, but thinks there is nothing so disagreeable in these combinations, as in the *deviations* from architecture by Mr. Nash\*—in which he may be right. He refers to Quaresmius, Maundrell, and Chateaubriand for the best accounts of Jerusalem; ignorant, apparently, of Pococke's Travels, which contain a description superior to either, and, for sufficiently obvious reasons, *not* referring to Drs. Richardson and Clarke, who have thrown more light on the topography of Jerusalem than all preceding travellers put together. He finds at Lebanon 'a clump of trees,' seven old ones, the largest only 18½ feet in girth, the others appearing like young fir trees. Our readers, on comparing this with the authorities cited above, will determine for themselves whether the Baronet

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\* Vide Regent-street, &c. &c.



never was there, or whether ———. Finally, he sums up some grave reflections on the Arabs and 'that Utopian 'blessing, liberty,' with pronouncing happiness to be ideal, and pleasure comparative: 'every race of man, and every rank of 'life, have an equal share.' See the wisdom that is acquired by travelling! Who was the Quarterly Reviewer who lauded this volume, and affected to ridicule Dr. Richardson? We blush for the craft.

Art. II. *Les Hermites en Prison.* Par E. Jouy et A. Jay. Pour faire suite aux Observations sur les Mœurs et les Usages Français au Commencement du xixme Siècle, par E. Jouy, Membre de l'Institut. Troisième Edition. 2 Tomes. Paris, 1823.

**M.** JOUY is known to the world of letters by his tragedy of *Sylla*, and two lighter works, called "L'Hermite de la Chausseè d'Antin," and "L'Hermite en Provence." The two volumes now in our hands, to which M. Jay has made a few slender contributions, are a series of prison reflections, written with extreme good humour, and well enough adapted for that class of the reading community who seek neither for new facts nor new remarks in a new book, but require merely that what has been said over and over again, should be hashed up in an agreeable and palatable way. Before we pronounce any opinion concerning the literary merits of the Hermits in Prison, we must be permitted briefly to advert to the circumstances which led to the incarceration of these two gentlemen.

We entertain serious doubts as to the policy of prosecutions for the political offences called libels. The great problem in these cases, is, how to discriminate between writings which are accompanied with honest intentions, and those which have no other object than that of producing discontent, by vilifying and degrading the Government. And it often happens, that it becomes impossible to class them according to their distinct and proper categories. Compositions, of which the actual tendency is seditious, have often proceeded from the purest and most upright intention. Overheated zeal, an irritable, though virtuous temperament of mind, controversial asperity, and many other impulses equally common, may occasionally carry the author beyond the limits which his own good sense and candour first assigned to him, and bring a piece of writing, conceived in a spirit of benevolence, or dictated by a laudable indignation of oppression, within the scope of penal animadversion. The contrary case may also happen. An astute and cold-blooded libeller, with the worst intentions, may proceed so cautiously and covertly, with so nice an adjustment of words,

and so profound a dissimulation of language, as to produce an effect still more detrimental, but with perfect immunity from punishment. Another difficulty is, where to fix the lines of demarcation between honest discussion and criminal licentiousness. The aggrieved party in these questions is the Government itself, which has a natural bias to confound the distinction, and to consider even the fairest discussion as licentious. It is no answer to say, that when the Government prosecutes, the defendant is secured by the legal means of defence, and the institutions by which his civil liberty is protected. The influence necessarily attaching to all governments, must render the scale uneven. When a government, for instance, is unusually and artificially strong,—when, from some change of dynasty, or some recent and bitter experience of the evils incident to a former state of affairs, a violent *re-action* takes place,—when the minds of men are forced out of that sober and dispassionate current of thinking, which flows in peaceful and undisturbed times,—when all who expect advancement, or dread molestation, look to the new order of things, and finding it their interest, teach themselves that it is also their duty to support it,—and when it is at least ten to one, that those who are to be the judges of the obnoxious writing, participate, more or less, in the same passions, or frame the same calculations;—in such a combination of circumstances, it is likely that the most innocent discussion, or the calmest historical statement, might be selected for prosecution. It might at the same time happen, that the institutions formed for the protection of the accused party, should be wholly inefficient for the purpose.

In England, the trial by jury is an old machine, not at all the worse for wear, but deriving from daily use a facility of operation not known in countries where its introduction is recent. It is adapted to English ideas, to English habits. It has grown up with all the domestic endearments, the private charities, the public affections which endear us to our soil. It is like the oak of our land, of slow growth, but of deep root. The storm of power has sometimes shaken, but nothing can uproot it. Transplanted into France, it has shewn itself to be a sickly shrub, and certainly not a thriving one under French culture. The jury-list is made out by the prefects; the first accusation proceeds from the gendarmerie or police, and a set of officers belonging to that police; whilst the last refuge of innocence, the jury themselves, give their verdict, not unanimously, but by the majority of opinions. In France too, even when the jury have pronounced a verdict, and that verdict is an acquittal, innocence is by no means presumed. The crown officers, as in *M. Jay's* case, have the right of appeal to the



Cour Royale; and, in many instances, as in his, the decision of the jury, though in favour of liberty, in *favore libertatis*, to use the consecrated phrase of our own law, is annulled, and the accused is sentenced to the penalty denounced by the penal code against him.

With regard to the process against libels in France, there is another machinery of a secret but more dangerous kind, a sort of previous inquisition, not recognised by the law, nor permitted by the constitution, but notoriously influencing the proceedings against the accused author. The previous censorship having been repealed, it was thought expedient to substitute a chamber of ministerial police, to effect the same object. This conclave of examiners sit in judgement upon the daily productions of the press; and in its immediate consequences, as well as its ultimate tendency, it is a sort of *index expurgatorius*, like that which exists in countries that are cursed with the Inquisition. From this dark and mysterious council, issue anonymous reports, in which every work that gives offence, is marked, commented on, and criminated. These persons make a merit of pouncing upon a poor author or his work, which probably would never have been read, but for the process which has brought it into notoriety; and they are paid in a ratio to their vigilance and activity. The reports are then sent, under the name and with the seal of the Minister of the Interior, to the law-officer, accompanied with strenuous recommendations to prosecute the offending party to condemnation.

M. Jouy, in conjunction with M. Jay, was the editor of a biographical work which had already reached several volumes. It was called *Biographie des Contemporains*. In the proceedings against M. Jouy, the first report of this secret conclave contains the following expressions. 'I have pointed out the seventh volume of this Biography, as containing several passages abominably seditious. It has circulated four months with impunity, having only been informed against last April. You see then, we are pressed for time, if it is to be laid hold of. Why not do so at once? Why let it circulate, when it may be suppressed? It is a work of falsehood, treason, iniquity, conducted by the most disaffected writers of the age.' Another report of the same examiner has these remarkable passages. 'I have often marked this seditious Biography, the plan of which is invariably to outrage loyalty, and to panegyryze rebellion. It might have been suppressed on the appearance of the first number in November, 1820. We were discouraged, I think, by the fear of a scandalous acquittal, (*absolution scandaleuse*), these cases then coming before a sort of procedure always uncertain, often erroneous. At present, this inconvenience does

'not exist. The law is stronger, and the tribunals are more independent. Why not take advantage of them (*pourquoi n'en profiterait-on pas*) to restrain these authors?' &c. &c. &c. These reports were addressed to the Procureur du Roi by the chief of the police, who concludes in these words. 'You will no doubt judge it right to order proceedings against the authors, who appear to me to be within article 2 of the law of 25 March last.' These *recommendations* of the chief of the police are backed by those of the *Chancellerie*, the first commissary of which thus writes to the Procureur du Roi. 'I beg you to give me an account of your having thought it right to proceed against the authors and printers of this work.' When the proceedings commenced, the law officer informs the chief of the police of it. The latter thus expresses his gratitude for the communication. 'I beg you to accept my thanks. I have received your communication *with much interest*: it gives me a new proof of the zealousness of your efforts.'

In spite, however, of the ardour of the police, out of twenty passages marked by the examiner, four only were selected (from a work which had reached its ninth octavo volume) for public prosecution. The chamber of council afterwards reduced them to two. These two articles were parts of biographical notices of Boyer Fonfrède, and the two brothers, Faucher, shot at Bourdeaux, by the sentence of a military tribunal, immediately after the first restoration of Louis XVIII. M. Jay surrendered himself as the author of the article on Fonfrède, M. Jouy as the author of that on the Fauchers. On the 29th of January last, judgement was given, and it was thus: 'In what respects the article Fonfrède, of which Jay admits himself to be the author: Seeing that, in that article, the condemnation of Louis XVI. is not approved of, that it is even blamed, that, if the blame is not expressed in terms sufficiently energetic, it amounts neither to crime nor to misdemeanour:—

'As to what concerns the article "The Fauchers," of which Jouy admits himself to be the author: Seeing that, in that article, the act of the Fauchers in barricading themselves in their house, and resisting to the last the authorities of the king's government, in the month of September 1815, is called "heroic:"—That, in the said article, it is also said, that Rome would have raised statues to their honour in the temple of Castor and Pollux: That, having remarked that the Fauchers, after their sentence, marched to the place of punishment with the same firmness, on the 27th of November 1815, as they would have done in 1793, the article further adds, "But the times were changed; *no order to suspend their execution* came:"—That these last expressions, without requiring



any interpretation, *import a comparison* between the terror of 1793 and the government of the king, even to the disadvantage of the latter:—That, for this reason, the said article in the passages above-mentioned, and especially in the last, has a tendency to excite hatred and contempt of the king's government:—

Jay is acquitted.

Jouy condemned to a month's imprisonment, and fifty francs, costs of suit.'

We have given this judicial record at length, to enable our readers to form some opinion of the looseness of French jurisprudence, and their inferiority to ourselves, at least, in the forms of justice,—those forms which a great writer\* of their own pronounces to be essential to its administration. But what becomes of M. Jay, who had been acquitted? The judgement is appealed against (a judgement of acquittal!!!) by the Procureur Général, and brought before the *Cour Royale*. M. Jay, formerly a member of the bar, pleaded his own cause; but in vain. The judgement pronounced in his favour by the court below, is reversed, and he is condemned to a month's imprisonment, and 16 francs costs. But in what form is this judgement clothed? Having confirmed the judgement of the court below, in regard to M. Jouy, it thus goes on:—'Quant à Jay, attendu que l'article Boyer-Fonfrède, dont il s'est reconnu l'auteur, contient des outrages à la morale publique, la cour le condamne à un mois d'emprisonnement et 16 fr. d'amende.'

M. Jay's pleading is concise and luminous.

'I am here,' he says, 'before you, for an article in which the condemnation of Louis XVI. is blamed. I confess, I did not expect to be accused of such an offence,—an offence which I believe has never been denounced, but in the code of the republic. Let me suppose, gentlemen, that I had been accused of the same crime, before the revolutionary tribunal. Would not the circumstance of blaming the deed of the 21st of January, have been deemed a crime, a flagrant act of royalism? How is it then, that I am brought before this court, a *cour royale*, for the very same thing that would have brought me before a tribunal of the Revolution? It is not one of the least among the extraordinary circumstances of the times. It is, however, capable of being explained. Party spirit, under whatever banners it exhibits itself, may be easily known by its intolerance and spirit of persecution. It arrogates the right of penetrating into our consciences, of reading our hearts; a privilege which belongs to God alone, the only accuser without passion, the only judge inaccessible to error. Do not expect, gentlemen, that I shall enter into an elaborate reason-

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\* Montesquieu.

ing to shew that blame is not approbation. As to my intention, I have already declared it. I sought only to exhibit a great historical lesson;—to shew that the blood of kings rises to heaven, and descends only in calamities upon nations.’

With regard to the article on the Fauchers, for which M. Jouy incurred the penalties of the law, it leads to a train of melancholy forebodings as to the civil condition of a nation who are exposed to rules of law so severe in operation, but so vague in principle. The biographical article which narrated their lives and their deaths, ought to have been allowed the privileges of history. In whatever point of view the innocence or guilt of those general officers might be contemplated by others, their historian must be allowed his own feelings and his own partialities. They were serving during the hundred days in the army of Napoleon, at Bourdeaux, and at a great distance from the theatre of public affairs. The restoration was not announced to them. Parties ran high, and during an interregnum of some hours, the orders of the newly-constituted authorities were resisted by officers who had sworn fidelity, and were in the actual commission of the old ones. They were tried and condemned before a military court, whose sentence admits neither of appeal nor of a jury, and is out of the reach of royal mercy. It was surely permitted to M. Jouy, to lament the procedure. The best panegyric on the regular tribunals of a country, is the reprobation of those occasional courts,—those military commissions, which are alike inconsistent with law and with justice, and which have been always called in France by the phrase *tribunaux d'exception*. The revision of condemnations is one of the prerogatives of history. The narrative of the unhappy Calas, the victim of judicial error, was permitted under the old government of the Bourbons.

‘I myself,’ exclaims M. Dupin, the eloquent advocate of M. Jouy, ‘published, during the usurpation, a discussion of the acts of the commission instituted against the Duke d’Enghien. My book was suppressed, but not prosecuted. But though it was suppressed, the government had at least the modesty, or, if you please, the policy, not to distort it into a crime. How the “times are changed!” How many facts are explained by those words! A man has been condemned and executed at one period, who would have been saved, had he been tried a few days later. A thief is always a thief; a murderer is always a murderer; but, in politics, every thing depends upon the moment—and all the processes now so celebrated, how are they to be accounted for, but by the changes of the times?’

We have been diverted by these considerations from the “*Hermites en Prison*.” M. M. Jouy and Jay solaced themselves during their detention, by composing two volumes of



essays, or rather of meditations, anecdotes of their fellow-prisoners, incidents, some of a melancholy kind, not uncommon in these abodes of misery, others of a humorous cast. The reflections are, as we have already hinted, not very profound, and, to confess the truth, not very amusing. The interior administration of St. Pélagie is an interesting topic, and throws great light upon the police of Paris. The abuses of the prison, its unnecessary rigours, and, above all, the confounding men like M. M. Jouy and Jay with the worst malefactors, cry aloud for redress. In the first volume, a M. Magallon, a literary man imprisoned for a political offence, is introduced. His character is pleasingly sketched. A few days afterwards, just as the Authors were felicitating themselves upon the prospect of soothing the slow hours of their captivity, by the society of so accomplished a companion, M. Magallon receives an order to be removed to Poissy, twenty-one miles from Paris. Remonstrance, the tears, the intreaties of his relations, are of no avail. The order is inexorable. He begs the favour of a carriage, offering himself to defray the expense. The request is refused, and he is literally marched, chained to the hand of a common criminal, who was infected with the itch, along the streets of Paris, and upwards of twenty-one miles, in a debilitated state of body.

The second volume is the best. After some sentimental effusions about women in general, conceived in the French, that is, in the worst possible taste, we were pleased with some feeling remarks upon the female visitors, who came at certain permitted times to assuage the sufferings of their friends and relatives within the gloomy walls of St. Pélagie.

‘ It is a sight well worth,’ says M. Jouy, ‘ the attention of a friendly observer of women—the *salon* of St. Pélagie, every Friday and Sunday. These are the only days, when persons confined here for *delits correctionnelles*, are allowed to see their relations and their friends.

‘ One remark to which this chapter will furnish a commentary is, that the place is on these occasions more frequented by women than by men. I have often protracted my stay there, in order to catch the full length, as well as the detached features of the portraits

‘ Education, social conditions, establish differences between men, which are much less observed among women, and which those two sentiments that are a part of themselves, pity and love, cause entirely to disappear. With the unhappy persons whom they come to console, they are distinguished only in their dress—all seem then to possess in the same degree the delightful art of divining their tastes, of sustaining their courage, of managing their vanity. in one word, of pouring into the wounds of the heart, the balm which their ingenious tenderness can alone administer. These moral cures are

much beyond physical cures, and the material attentions which they bestow not less profusely.

‘ Among the females whom I observed on these occasions, a girl was pointed out to me, who for three years had travelled on foot twice a week from Nantene, and in all weathers, to bring her friend some little tarts made in the country, and of which he was extremely fond. He was scolding her for having come on so wet a day, and I heard with emotion all the little evasions that her heart suggested in order to lessen the merit of her devotion. “ It did not rain when she set out: when it fell, she had the good fortune to meet a market woman, who had given her a lift in a covered cart, and set her down at the boulevard de Madelaine.” While she was framing these little deceits, she was actually wiping off the wet from her clothes, and making a sign to an old man who had come with her, not to betray her.

‘ Upon another bench, I saw a woman, still beautiful, though in the decline of life, who pressed her son to her bosom with a mingled expression of grief and tenderness which it is impossible to describe. Her husband was turning away his eyes with contempt and anger from a son for whom he had cause to blush, while the affectionate mother took advantage of the moment, to slip into the hands of the young man a little purse, which she drew from her breast.

‘ I know not by what sign, I recognised the delicate tints of the same sentiment in the faces of all the women on this occasion—mother, daughter, wife, friend, or mistress, I could distinguish them at a glance.

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‘ Maternal tenderness, filial piety, love, benevolence, and friendship are virtues of which the women that are to be seen at this place, would present innumerable examples; but there are also those of patriotism, courage, honour, (in the chivalrous acceptation of the word,) carried by women to the highest pitch of heroism. I will cite one only, with which my residence at St. Pélagie made me acquainted: the letter of Madame \* \* \* will excuse any further explanation.

‘ “ You know how dear you are to me;—my cares have saved your life. But you are accused of being the primary agent in the matter which is now the subject of inquiry in the chamber of peers. Surrender then yourself prisoner,—you have no other means of vindicating yourself from a disgraceful imputation. Your judges are men, and your innocence as to the act of conspiracy is far from making me easy about your safety. You may lose your life; but, if I know you, you will not put it into competition with the loss of your honour, of mine, and that of our children.”

‘ The hopes of this noble and courageous woman were crowned. Her husband came back, and was tried. The suspicions that had fallen upon him, were irrevocably removed; and the sentence which deprives him at present of his liberty, leaves him, in the esteem and tender affection of his wife, an ample recompense for all that he has lost.’ Tom. II. pp. 9—15.



St. Pélagie is also a prison for debtors. Among these, are twenty officers, (of whom seven are colonels,) marquisses, counts, and barons without number, ecclesiastics, men of letters, musicians, painters, water-carriers, and coal-men. It is very rare at St. Pélagie, to see a merchant. Some judicious remarks occur upon the impolicy and cruelty of imprisonment for debt, that stain of an enlightened age—a system twice accursed, in the ill that it inflicts on the prisoner, and the loss that is ultimately sustained by the creditor, who, in gratifying his vindictive feelings, often puts it for ever out of the power of his debtor to repay him. For a Frenchman, the utmost term of imprisonment is five years. With regard to foreigners, it is unlimited. A Major Swann of the United States, entered St. Pélagie at forty-five;—he is there still at sixty. Those who are without any other means of support, live upon the allowance deposited every month by the creditors. This sum is fixed at twenty francs. In the time of Henri IV., when this stipend was fixed, the basis of it was the silver mark, then worth twenty francs; it is now worth fifty-two; the nominal sum, however, still continues. This is a great grievance. The difference of the value of money, the ten francs per month which every prisoner must pay for his gaol allowance, will leave but little to an unfortunate workman, who has often a wife and several children to maintain.

As a specimen of Mr. Jouy's mode of writing, we shall present another extract, which will serve as a sample of the greater part of the two volumes.

‘It is worthy of remark, that History, under different names, and at the distance of two centuries, should produce exactly the same event; and it is honourable to the female character, that this event should be an example of conjugal heroism. An old chronicle thus records the devotion of the wife of Grotius.

‘The celebrated Grotius was delivered from gaol and from misery, by the skill and diligence of Marie de Regelsburg, his lawful wife. She had observed, on the occasion of a large trunk, which went backward and forward from Louvenstein to Gorcum, and from Gorcum to Louvenstein, that the gaolers had left off the constant habit of opening, of inspecting, and cramming their hands into it as they did at first. Upon which, she conceives the plan of causing her husband to get into the said trunk, after having very dexterously bored and pierced holes in its side, in order that he might put his head that way, and breath the air from without. Grotius lent a hand to this stratagem, put himself into the chest, and was carried, without being stopped, to Gorcum, to a friend's house, who received and concealed him for some time; then he went to Anvers, and passed along without any difficulty, with a carpenter's rule in his hands, and dressed like a mechanic in that business.

‘ In the mean while, his wife gave out that her husband was very ill, and that she was tending him in prison, and kept up the farce till it was too late to overtake him. Then she began to tell the keepers, laughing at them,—“ Look there, the bird has flown from his cage.” Great hubbub among the judges, who were at first for proceeding criminally against her ;—many were for keeping her in prison for ever in the place of her husband, but, by the plurality of voices, this noble heroine was acquitted, and she was praised by the whole world.

‘ Can we not imagine that we are reading the story of Madame de Lavalette ? But it is with less interest ; for, in the case of Grotius, it was merely an abridgement of the term of his imprisonment, whereas the scaffold of M. de Lavalette was ready. If these two adventures resemble each other in the main, how much do they vary in their results ! When Madame de Lavalette saw her husband again, the effort of her courage had destroyed her reason, and her estranged intellect did not even permit her the consolation of recognising the object of her heroic devotion.

‘ A part of the history of Europe is buried in its prisons. The work is a desideratum,—it would be highly interesting. The reigns of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XV., are almost to be traced entire in the annals of the Bastile.

‘ Henri IV. was content with depositing the public treasure there. In 1790, a complete copy of the Encyclopædia, which had been put into confinement about twenty-five years before, was found in the dungeons of the Bastile.

‘ The duke de Guise became master of Paris in 1558, took possession of the Bastile, and named Bussy-le-Clerc governor of that state prison : this Bussy, procureur to the parliament, himself conducted to the Bastile, all the members of that illustrious body, which refused to release the French, in favor of Guise, from their oath of allegiance to Henry III. Presidents and counsellors were put upon bread and water. One week of this discipline exhausted their constancy and their fidelity.

‘ It is well known, that there were at Bicêtre, before the Revolution, four dark dungeons, infectious, damp, six feet long, and four feet broad, true caverns of death, which the air penetrated so slowly through oblique openings, that the light of torches were extinguished. Sixty pounds weight of fetters were put on every wretch that they let down into these living sepulchres. Upon his accession to the administration, M. Necker set at liberty the only prisoner who had ever survived this dreadful punishment two years. The minister was present when he was liberated. As he regained the surface of the earth, he tottered like a drunken man at every step ; and M. Necker expressed his suspicion that it was actually the case with this unhappy man. “ Alas, Sir,” exclaimed he, “ for two years I have drunk nothing but fetid water ; it is the fresh air that intoxicates me.”

‘ The pacific Cardinal de Fleury, in the single matter of the Bull Unigenitus, signed 30,000 lettres de cachet.

‘ How many dishonourable fathers who had themselves led the



most profligate lives, became secret accusers of their sons, and obtained lettres de cachet against them !' Tom. II. p. 181—6.

Such is the miscellaneous structure of the two volumes, with which M. M. Jouy and Jay have been pleased to amuse the good people of Paris. For our own parts, we confess that we are not inclined to look with much indulgence upon the very light reading and light thinking contained in them. Books of this sort serve to keep up the frivolous and shallow literature which is only fit for a nation of talkers :—they serve up scraps and fragments of knowledge, the mere emptyings of a common-place book, to nurse and encourage the indolence of those who do not like the trouble of thinking for themselves. It often happens also, that the knowledge thus obtained is of the most spurious sort; having been derived at second-hand from the most questionable sources, because the writer himself has not sufficient erudition to consult the genuine authorities. Of M. Jouy's qualifications as a literary guide, we shall give two instances. In his first volume occurs the following passage, which we take almost at random,

\* Sophocles was carried before a tribunal by his children. Aristides and Themistocles were banished. Phocion and Socrates drank hemlock: the memory of the latter (Socrates) was insulted by Cicero himself, who treats him as a usurer in one of his familiar letters, for having given orders to buy up in an under-hand way, the goods of his friend the native of Crotona.\*

We will say nothing of the school-boy prattle about Sophocles, Aristides, and Themistocles. That Cicero would have insulted the memory of Socrates, we deem wholly impossible. We are ignorant of the sources whence M. Jouy has derived the fact; certainly not from any of the letters of Cicero, with which we profess ourselves not wholly unacquainted. The fact is, that the memory of the Grecian sage was held almost in idolatrous veneration by Cicero, and that we can scarcely open one of his philosophical treatises, without meeting with the panegyric of Socrates in language usually appropriated to superior natures. We suspect that M. Jouy's knowledge of Latin is small, that of Greek he knows still less, and that with whatever portion of either he may be tinctured, it is of recent acquisition. As to those who have begun their course of classical reading at an advanced period of life, we will remind M. Jouy of the exclamation of Cicero himself: '*Οἱ παῖδες αὐτὴν homines scis, quam insolentes sint.*'\*

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\* Cic. ad Famil. l. ix. 20.

The other blunder is one into which their natural vivacity is too apt to betray French writers, when they trust themselves with remarks on the laws, or constitution, or manners of Great Britain. It should seem as if the dense fogs that overcloud our island, had bedimmed every English institution and every English custom to the vision of a Frenchman. We will translate the passage. It is put into the mouth of an Englishman, who is debating the subject of their different forms of government, with a citizen of the United States.

‘Perhaps,’ says the Englishman, ‘facts will be thrown in my teeth, which give the lie every day to the boasted rights of which we are so proud. I shall be asked, where is the liberty of the country *where two or three families manage the government*; where all the prejudices, all the *abuses of aristocracy* are combined; where the sovereignty of the people *is confined to the saturnalia of the hustings*; where the citizen who happens to be taking his walk on the banks of the Thames, may be pressed by a few *drunken sailors*, and, by the order of a *subaltern clerk of the admiralty*, embarked in a vessel which carries him to the other extremity of the globe, to the tune of Rule Britannia. I shall be asked, where is the liberty of a country where even the habeas corpus does not prevent a person *from being thrown into prison for a debt of five shillings*. A number of similar questions might be put to me. Instead of answering them, I should say, that we are free in every other respect; free to *knock down a ministerial candidate, to box with an English peer in the street, to sell our wives in the public market*, and to break the glasses of the King’s carriage on his way to the House of Lords.’

We have put these choice specimens of knowledge, candour, and good breeding into Italics. They need not a formal refutation. Yet, it is such nonsense as this, that the hackney writers of Paris administer to their customers, and it is with such absurdities, that the literary appetite of Paris is content to be fed.

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Art. III. *Outlines of Oryctology*. An Introduction to the Study of Fossil Organic Remains; especially those found in the British Strata; intended to aid the Student in his Enquiries respecting the Nature of Fossils, and their Connection with the Formation of the Earth. With Illustrative Plates. By James Parkinson, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, M.G.S. and W.S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 346. (With ten Plates.) Price 12s. London. 1822.

THAT our globe has, at some period of remote antiquity, suffered extensive changes and revolutions, there cannot arise the slightest doubt, independently altogether of the unquestionable record of the Deluge, The nature of these



changes, however, and the manner in which they have been produced, can be inferred only from the monuments which the more indestructible parts of the Earth still exhibit ; and these present to the naturalist and the antiquary the most interesting objects of research and contemplation. They connect the most minute observations with the most sublime and extended conceptions of the duration, magnitude, and infinite diversity of the works of creation, and place before us the infancy, if not the origin of our planet. The pursuit of this branch of philosophy, particularly in its relations to the history of the Creation and of the Deluge, may, perhaps, incline us to view it with too much partiality ; but we cannot look upon any department of human research as more interesting : there is no one that teems with more curious facts, more pleasing details, or more unexpected conclusions. On this, as on other branches of Natural History, much ridicule has been thrown by those who devote themselves to pursuits deemed more intellectual ; yet surely, the Antiquities of the Globe itself, are at least of as much importance as those of any of the particular nations who have inhabited its surface. In the ruins of Pompeii or of Gerasa, we may discover monuments of the power and grandeur of the Romans, and acquire some knowledge of their manner of life ; but, in the fossil remains of the quarries of Paris, the London basin, and the banks of the Ohio, we behold the diversified plans of the Creator of the world, and learn, where we cannot comprehend, to worship and adore Him.

In tracing the hand of God in those monuments which now remain of a former order of things, two methods have been adopted by naturalists. The one is, to follow, according to their relative antiquity, the arrangement of the rocks which compose the crust of the globe, and to consider the various organic remains which they contain. The want of sufficient data is an insuperable objection to this arrangement, although it is in other respects the most eligible. The only good classification of rocks that has been made with this view, is that of Werner, but it is by no means so free from exception as to warrant its general adoption. The other method is, to arrange organic remains according to the classes and orders of animals and vegetables from which they seem to have sprung ; the arrangement which Mr. Parkinson has adopted both in the work before us, and in his former splendid work, "*The Organic Remains of a Former World.*" To humour the natural propensity which the mind has to ascend, rather than to descend in a scale, he begins with vegetable remains, and thence proceeds to consider the remains of zoophytes, and the more perfect animals in their order. In this course we shall follow

him, by abstracting and condensing the most interesting facts which he has collected.

The remains of vegetables are, perhaps, with the exception of shells and zoophytes, the most numerous and extensive; specimens occurring of all the different natural orders, from the most delicate moss to the largest tree, and of almost every degree of hardness which rocks are found to possess. As the species cannot, however, owing to the usual state of the parts, be classed according to any Botanical System, we may obtain clearer notions of this part of the subject, by considering them, as is partially done by Mr. Parkinson, in a mineralogical point of view, according to the substances into which they are found converted.

Mr. Parkinson characterizes the first stage of vegetable mineralization, by the term *Bituminous*. Wood, moss, and other vegetable productions, are changed into this state, not, apparently, by being penetrated with any thing like a petrifying solution, nor by being exposed to subterranean fire or heat, but by the presence of moisture, the exclusion of air, and their being compressed by superincumbent materials. Pressure alone, indeed, is adequate to the conversion of such productions into a substance of very great hardness; for, by artificial pressure, sphagna, byssi, and other soft mosses, have been brought to take a tolerable polish like the hard woods and marble. But when the change arising from pressure is modified by the presence of moisture and the exclusion of air, vegetable substances acquire very peculiar properties. They commonly preserve their original texture and appearance so perfectly that the particular tree or plant can be recognised. Even trees of great diameter are often changed to their very centre, while their leaves and the most delicate parts which are so changed, often preserve their texture uninjured. They are then found to resist the further action of water, and, when applied to useful purposes, to be almost impenetrable to it; but the water that may chance to be lodged among their minute interstices, they tenaciously retain. The bark is frequently unchanged, and, in the case of birch and some other trees, preserves its colour and glossy, varnished appearance. They are in general very unfriendly to animal life, and are therefore indestructible by insects.

Wood and other vegetable productions in the different stages of bituminization, are found in peat-bogs, and at Bovey, Ballycastle, the Cape of Good Hope, and many other places. This is the Bovey coal of this country, and the *Suturbrand* of Iceland,

‘ This fossil wood,’ says Mr. Parkinson, ‘ may be said to pass into



jet, which is found, especially in the neighbourhood of Whitby, in Yorkshire, in a state very nearly approximating to that of Bovey coal. . . . Jet is found in other situations, in a different form; resembling, in its shape and the markings of its surface, parts of the branches and trunks of trees, but rarely possessing, internally, any marks of vegetable origin; a circumstance easily accounted for, if its previous softening be admitted.' p. 7.

The evidence for this transition, given by M. M. Chaptal and Fourcroy, though omitted by our Author, is still more decisive. The latter mentions a specimen in which the one end was obviously wood but little changed, and the other pure jet. The former transmitted to the cabinet of Languedoc, several specimens which were ligneous externally, and perfect jet in the internal parts, distinctly exhibiting the transition of the one into the other. According to Chaptal also, there have been dug up at Montpellier, whole cart-loads of trees converted into jet; their original forms being so distinctly preserved, that he could often detect the species to which they belonged. He instances a walnut-tree completely converted into jet, found at Vachey, and a specimen of a beech similarly changed, from Bosrup in Scania. The same distinguished Author found a wooden pail, and also a wooden shovel, converted into pure jet. It would shew, we think, a very sceptical spirit, to hesitate in our decision, after such proofs, resting on the testimony of men so eminent in science.

The next class are those vegetable substances which may be more correctly said to be petrified, than the bituminated sorts. The stony materials which are most usually found to constitute petrifications of this description, are flint, lime, and bituminous earth, of which the flint is by far the most common. There is often a new transmutation, or change of substance, in the fossil vegetable; but sometimes there is only an earthy impregnation. The stony matter, especially in flint, is commonly diffused through every part of the petrified mass, and seems to be ultimately united with their integral molecules. It has been principally formed in minute crystallizations, which, by mutual and regular apposition, have gradually formed a concrete substance;—a process plainly indicated by most of the specimens of this kind having an investiture or crust of extremely minute crystals, which are sometimes even visible on each fascicle of the fibres, and on the sides of interstices and cavities. Of wood so petrified, there seem to be two sorts, namely, that which has, and that which has not, undergone bituminous fermentation. The latter is usually in the state of rotten wood as to its texture, but its specific gravity soon undeceives those who suppose it to be wood of this kind.

That sort of petrified wood which partakes of the nature of Chalcedony, Jasper, Opal, or Pitchstone, has commonly a conchoidal fracture, a dark bituminous colour within, although whitish externally, and gives sparks when struck with steel. The fibres are penetrated with the flinty matter, but no bituminous substance is found intermixed with the flint, or having a tendency to colour it; and when the silex has got to the surface, or into a cavity, it often assumes a mammillated form, and becomes transparent. It is often bestudded with fine, small quartz crystals: some specimens seem to have been attacked by the teredo, and have the small holes filled with transparent flinty matter. Another sort is marked with coloured delineations, like the compound pebbles called agates; this kind is usually more transparent than the former, and has a more vitreous lustre. Mr. Parkinson is of opinion, that all jasperine minerals, if they do not originate from vegetable materials, are closely connected with them. In some of them, we have distinctly seen the rings marking the annual growth of the original tree, and even the delicate wavings of the fibrillæ around what seems to have been a knot, or the off-going of a branch.

A not less interesting species of petrified vegetable productions than the flinty, is the calcareous. The formation of the latter, however, it is not so difficult to understand and explain. It is often carried on almost under the eye of the observer, in the case of the numerous calcareous springs, which, by depositing their lime, form incrustations on every thing they meet in their course. This process takes place to a great extent, at Matlock in Derbyshire, and at Tivoli in the vicinity of Rome: the waters at the latter place deposit lime and stone tuba so copiously, as to afford abundant materials for architectural purposes. It consequently happens, that whatever substances come in the way of these copious precipitates, are enclosed in the mass, and, if their texture will admit, are penetrated with it in all directions. The inhabitants of Matlock, as is well known, take advantage of this, to procure curious petrifications of birds-nests with their eggs, wigs, besoms, and other things calculated to excite wonder by their conversion into stone by calcareous incrustation. In Italy and Peru, it has been turned to account in the making of busts, casts, and impressions of medals. It is worthy of remark, that, while the lower part of a stem of moss has been thus incrustated, the upper part sometimes has continued to vegetate, in the same way as mosses grow in peat bogs after their roots have perished. Botanists account for this from the singular nature of mosses, which grow



from points in a great degree insulated with respect to the root.

The mineralization of vegetable substances by the metals, is a circumstance of frequent occurrence, and seems to take place much in the same way as the petrifications already mentioned; namely, by the vegetable substance being penetrated with the metallic, either in a mechanical or a chemical manner. The first of these which merit our attention, have been called *pyrites*, from their often taking fire spontaneously when they come into contact with moisture. The woods which are properly denominated pyritical, have commonly a splendid metallic appearance, and are of a high specific gravity, while traces of their original texture are sometimes very obvious. Even the annual rings of the wood are occasionally found beautifully bestudded with the pyrites, whose surfaces often shew a fine play of iridescent colours.

‘ In some specimens, in which the general appearance is that of bituminous wood, the metallic impregnation can only be detected by the weight of the fossil, and the blue or green hue on its surface. Cupreous wood in this state forms very beautiful specimens, displaying, not only on its surface, but in its substance, mingled with the charred wood, the most vivid blue and green colours, with patches of the carbonate in the state of malachite. The finest specimens of cupreous wood are obtained from the copper mines of Siberia.’ p. 29.

In some specimens of a similar sort, the species of the tree so changed is often easily recognised. The birch and beech have been mentioned, of which the first often preserves its delicate white cuticle with its original texture. In some cases, the structure of rotten wood is very distinct, and also the different parts of the trees, as the stem, branches, twigs, leaves, and roots. The grassy turf of the soil also, with all the vegetable *exuviae* which may be scattered upon it, are, on exposure to mineral springs, commonly rendered metallic. In Mexico, wood tin occurs, along with mammillated chalcedony. When it is recollected, that even in our herbaria, when every attention has been paid to the preservation of specimens, the ascertaining of distinctive characters is often a matter of considerable difficulty, it may be easily imagined, that it will be a still harder task in those which have been converted into stony and metallic substances. Yet, the distinctive characters of species are often to be recognised in fossil vegetables; and mineralized wood has been found, which proved to be beech, ash, willow, walnut, hazel, birch, pine, and many other kinds. The conjectures of fancy have been very fertile in discovering

petrified remains of wood fashioned by the hand of man. It has been asserted, for instance, that the pieces of wood got from the Thames, are stakes which were driven into its bed by the Romans; when the fact is, that a stratum of piles quite similar is found to extend over a considerable part of the adjacent fields. Some classes and genera of vegetables appear to be more easily converted into stone than others. Thus we are told by Mr. Wallis in his History of Northumberland, that the mosses and liverworts of a petrifying brook become stony, while the primroses and geraniums are quite untouched, and receive from it no foreign investiture or incrustation.

It is a curious fact with regard to the vegetable remains, or rather the impressions of vegetables, which are found in schistus, that when the *laminae*, or the nodules containing them, have been split, the two plates of the stone display the same side of the leaf.

‘The explanation of this curious circumstance, which long puzzled the oryctologists, is found in the vegetable matter, during its passing through the bituminous change, having become softened, and having filled its own mould with its melted and softened substance; the nodule, on being broken, shewing on one side the surface of the adherent bituminous cast, and, on the other, the correspondent mould.’ p. 10.

The zoophytes are the first species of living beings which are met with in rocks, when arranged according to their supposed relative antiquity. It is said, that, in the primitive rocks of Werner, no such remains exist, but that they begin to appear in transition rocks. However this may be, they are found in the newest depositions, even in alluvial soil: for example, in the Isle of Bute, considerably above the sea-mark, Professor Jameson found a small bed consisting chiefly of the *millepora polymorpha*. Among the least perfect of the zoophytes, Mr. Parkinson places the genus sponge, concerning the nature of which many conjectures have been offered. In a note, he introduces the following interesting notice of this subject.

‘Sir Humphrey Davy had procured iodine from several of the fuci and ulvæ, but not from the alkaline matter, manufactured at Sicily, Spain, and the Roman States; nor did he find that the ashes of coral or of sponge appeared to contain it. From various experiments, Dr. Fyfe was enabled to conclude, that iodine was confined not only to the class cryptogamia, but to the marine productions of this class. Sponge being, however, considered to belong to the animal world, forms an apparent objection to this conclusion. But it must be remembered, that Linnæus was inclined to regard sponge as a vegetable substance, and to place it in the class cryptogamia, subdivision



algæ aquaticæ; but was doubtful of the correctness of this arrangement. "May not the fact," Dr. Fyfe observes, "that sponge contains iodine, be an argument in favour of the opinion of Linnæus, that this substance properly belongs to the vegetable world, class cryptogamia, from the plants of which iodine is obtained?" p. 36. *note.*

A still more recent investigation, however, has discovered iodine in medusæ and the polypi known by the name of animal flowers; which is, we think, quite conclusive, so far as this argument goes, that sponge is *not* a vegetable, but an animal substance.

A singular circumstance was observed by Mr. Parkinson in a tubiporite limestone which he procured from Mendip; namely, the tubes were filled with flint, which took a polish. Does this give countenance to the conversion of animal remains of a calcareous kind into flint, as maintained by Linnæus and others? We believe that, in the present state of our knowledge, it is wholly inexplicable. Fossil tubiporæ indeed, like other organic remains, are seldom, perhaps never found in a recent state; and some of them are very unlike any thing which our seas now exhibit. Of this we have a fine example in the catenulata or chain-coral, the small tubes of which, when a horizontal section of them is made, appear in beautiful waved lines formed by the extremities of the tubes like the links of a chain: these wavings frequently approaching or coming into contact with one another, and then receding again, resemble very much the connected mesh-work of a net, or a retiform plexus of lymphatic vessels. In other tubiporites, there is a curious communication of the pipes by smaller tubes radiating from the larger ones, and passing through their contiguous plates of junction.

Some of the madreporites are flattened so as to indicate that they had suffered external compression; but the hardness of their recent encasement previous to any thing like petrification, precludes that supposition. A few rare specimens are composed of transparent sparry limestone, and some have figures which the imagination easily construes into the horns of goats and other animals, the remains of fungi and plants of that sort. These circumstances render a scientific arrangement of them a work of great difficulty, as the labours of their minute architects seem at times to have been modelled by whim and caprice, more than by any instinctive or circumstantial plan of operations. We cannot, however, judge accurately of this, on account of our deficient knowledge of the circumstances which might expedite or retard their work, and make them change their vertical direction to a sloping or

a horizontal one. When we consider the singular wavings and convolutions of the starry tubes in the chain-coral and in the brain-stone, we shall not be surprised at the near resemblance which another species has to a honey-comb; an appearance which has given rise to the descriptions we find in the older authors, of petrified honey-combs. In a specimen of this kind from Mendip, Mr. Parkinson found it completely converted into calcareous spar. Not the least remarkable of these madreporites, is that found in Wales, with columnar tubuli, having five, six, or seven angles, and exhibiting a fine miniature representation of the columnar basalt of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway, when viewed in an upright position; but, when a transverse section is made and polished, the tops of those columns appear like the webs of the field spider, being striated like the threads of those webs, both in radii and concentric circles.

But none of these 'medals of a former world,' as Bergman happily designates fossil remains, are nearly so singular and extraordinary as those which have been called Encrinites and Pentacrinites, upon the history of which, Mr. Miller has recently published a scientific and splendid work. In these animals, nature seems to have concentrated so many wonders, that we are compelled to gaze on them with admiration, while the mind is overpowered on contemplating the diversified forms which animated life has assumed. The trunks and limbs of these zoophytes are formed of osseous pieces whose surfaces of articulation with one another are marked with the resemblance of flowers or stars. When these bony pieces are examined with a magnifier, it appears obvious, that their mutual articulation arises from the reception of the striated eminences of the one, into corresponding depressions in the other. These markings have been erroneously asserted by Rosinus, to continue throughout the substance of the tubes; for, on rubbing them down, few of the markings can be traced beyond the surface; but the surfaces often approximate so near to each other, that one may be mistaken for another. The lily encrinite, or stone lily, may be selected in order to give a general idea of these extraordinary fossils.

The genus to which the stone lily belongs, is characterized by pentagonal, cylindrical, or oval vertebræ, with radiated articulating surfaces, composing a trunk which supports a pelvis, whence proceed five arms terminating in fingers and numerous tentacula. The lily encrinite has its arms terminating in a hand with two fingers furnished with numerous tentacula, the whole folding up in the form of a closed lily. The number of the bones in this fossil zoophyte almost exceed belief. Mr.



Parkinson enumerates 26,680; namely, the bones of the pelvis, 20; six bones in each of the ten arms, 60; forty in each of the twenty fingers, 800; thirty tentacula proceeding from each of the six bones in each of the ten arms, 1800; thirty tentacula from each of the 800 bones of the fingers, 24,000. In all these ossiculæ, Rosinus detected foramina or sinuses fitted for the reception of nerves or vessels, and all of them are nearly tubular, through which perhaps muscles might pass. Be this as it may, the animal must have been capable of a very varied motion in many directions; and provision is wisely made at the articulations, to prevent dislocation. The remains of this order of zoophytes are very numerous in many places, and are always contained in limestone, but commonly in a very shattered and mutilated state. Besides the stone lily, there are numerous other species, most of which are found in England. By far the best account of them is to be found in Miller's Natural History of the Crinoidea, lately published. Mr. Miller has given a new arrangement of the genera and species, part of which Mr. Parkinson has inserted.

Our limits will not admit of our following the Author through his observations on the higher species of fossil remains. Those of birds and insects are very rare; fossil fish are much more numerous. Among the quadrupeds, the *sauri* (lizard order) are very frequently occurring. On the recognised law laid down by Geologists, that few or none of the fossil species have any recent analogue, it might have been inferred, that no remains of man would be found petrified or embedded in rocks or strata. The bones formerly talked of as those of giants, are, by the more accurate researches of modern anatomy, found to belong to the mammoth, the rhinoceros, the elephant, &c. of the antediluvian world.

There are only two genuine human fossils at present known to exist, both from the Island of Guadaloupe. The one is in the British Museum, and is thought to be that of a female. The other has been received at Paris within the last few months. At the Peace, M. Donzelot, the Governor, was directed by the French Minister of the Marine to send this interesting fossil, which is, according to the description of Cuvier, more perfect than the one in the British Museum. It wants the cranium, but the greater part of the upper jaw, with some teeth, is preserved. The rest of the skeleton is in a bent position,—almost that of a semi-circle. It was quite hidden in the calcareous stone; but the bones had suffered no change, possessing their gelatinous animal matter and their inflammability. The stone contains besides, well preserved specimens of both sea and

and shells still common in the island, a fact which proves that the skeleton is recent.

The fossil bones found in caverns, form a distinct class of phenomena. The discovery of a den of hyenas at Kirkdale near Kirby Moorside in Yorkshire, in the summer of 1821; has given rise to a controversy between Professor Buckland and Mr. Penn, to which we shall probably have occasion to advert in a future Number. The present work keeps clear of theoretic speculation, the Author's object being to furnish a useful vade-mecum for the student who is desirous of being able to detect the specific character of fossil substances, and to arrange them under their appropriate genera. Mr. Parkinson concludes his interesting little work with the following most appropriate and pious reflections :

‘ We cannot quit these monuments of former worlds without alluding to the incontrovertible evidence they present, of the exercise of Almighty Power and of the perpetual influence of a Divine Providence. The world is seen, in its formation and continuance, constantly under the Providence of Almighty God, without whose knowledge not one sparrow falls to the ground.

‘ Under these impressions, we view the results of these several changes and creations as manifesting the prescience, the power, and the benevolence of our great Creator. The general form of the earth's surface, varied by the distribution of hills and valleys, and of land and water ; the prodigious accumulations of coal derived from the vegetables of a former creation, with the accompanying slates and schists ; the useful, durable, and often beautiful, encrinital and shelly limestones ; the immense formations of chalk and flint, and the various series of clays ; all demonstrate a careful provision for the wants of man. The several breaks and faults in the stratified masses, and the various inclinations of the strata, as well as the vast abruptions by which these several substances are brought to the hand of man, may be regarded as most beneficent provisions resulting from catastrophes too vast and tremendous for human intellect to comprehend,

‘ From these several creations, it appears that beings have proceeded, gradually increasing in superiority, from testaceous animals to reptiles, marine and fresh water amphibia, quadrupeds, and lastly to man, who, in his turn, is destined, with the earth he inhabits, to pass away, and be succeeded by a new heaven and a new earth.’

pp. 335—7.

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Art IV. *Lectures on the Pleasures of Religion.* By H. F. Burder, M. A. 8vo. pp. 253. Price 7s. 6d. London. 1823.

**I**T affords us pleasure to find that the very judicious Author of these Lectures is able, amid his numerous official en-



gements, so frequently, and with so much credit to himself, to occupy the attention of the reading public. Circumstanced as he is, this bespeaks a diligence in every way commendable. The series of subjects which the present volume embraces, is at once well selected and well arranged. The title of the work reminds us of the venerable Matthew Henry, whose former sphere the Author now fills, and who, it will be remembered, wrote a very useful treatise on the pleasures of a religious life. The dedication of the volume to the young of his flock sufficiently marks the Author's views of his own performance; and seldom has it fallen to our lot to peruse a work, in which there was more to arrest the attention, and to improve the character of the rising generation. We speak not at random when we affirm, that we have not seen, as yet, a volume directly on the subject of religion, more likely than the present, to waken in the bosom of an intelligent and ingenuous youth a decidedly Christian feeling. Mr. Burder has furnished a portraiture of the happiness which results from the service of Christ, for which we tender him our sincere thanks, and for which, we doubt not, thousands will be grateful. There is no attempt in these Lectures, to catch, by unfair means, the popular feeling of the moment; all is solid and scriptural, and in a high degree indicative of the "workman that needeth not to be ashamed." We could wish to the full amount of our influence, to hold up Mr. Burder's habit of preaching *in a series*, to the imitation of the rising ministry; and we cannot but persuade ourselves that his example will be regarded and followed in that useful seminary where, for so many years, his labours as a tutor have been enjoyed. We like this relic of a nonconforming age, and shall rejoice to find a taste so wholesome, superseding the crudities of a less connected, and therefore less useful mode of instruction. We cannot conceive of these lectures being heard with inattention. They carry their own power of impression along with them; and, although it is with God alone permanently to change the heart, yet, if we are not much mistaken, such discourses as these—so full of perspicuous instruction, lively illustration, and affectionate appeal, were not heard from the pulpit either with listlessness or indifference. The chief characteristics of Mr. Burder's theological system are,—a uniform and zealous recognition of what, for distinction's sake, may be called the doctrines of grace; a very copious reference to the agency of the Holy Ghost, in all his promised manifestations; a running, and we were going to say irresistible appeal to the conscience; and withal, a simplicity in the

whole of his views of Christian truth, seldom equalled, and perhaps in modern times never surpassed.

With regard to the manner in which these Lectures are written, it is but justice to state, that the arrangement is clear, natural, and to every useful extent, analytical; that the style is chaste, devotional, and always appropriate to the subject; and that there is a completeness in each discourse, separately considered, which, while it does not destroy the series, leaves upon the mind the impression of an unbroken unity of design in the production.

The volume consists of twelve Lectures, ranged under the following titles. I. The pleasures which constitute true happiness. II. The pleasures of a good conscience. III. The pleasures of an enlightened intellect. IV. The pleasures arising from the exercise of the affections in religion. V. The pleasures of obedience to the will of God. VI. The pleasures of prayer and of praise. VII. The pleasures of the Sabbath. VIII. The pleasures arising from the doctrine of Divine Providence. IX. The pleasures of hope. X. The pleasures of doing good. XI. The pleasures of the heavenly state. XII. The pleasures of early piety.

We are at a loss, after a very careful perusal, to determine from what part of this volume to furnish a sample to the public. This difficulty does not arise from any inequality of thought and expression pervading these Lectures, but, on the contrary, from the uniformity of its character, and the intimate connexion of one part with another. Under these circumstances, however, we feel that we have one advantage with the public, that of not being able to select a single paragraph in these Lectures, which, by any fair interpretation, can be viewed as an unduly favourable representation of the Author's talents for the illustration and enforcement of scriptural truth.

The first Lecture, which contains an enumeration of the pleasures which constitute true happiness, is very comprehensive in its plan, and very impressive in its various illustrations. It is founded on Isaiah IV. 2. The Preacher states with emphasis his belief in the attainableness of happiness even in the present state, and represents it as springing from four sources. First, *'the removal of evils which are incompatible with happiness,'*—the curse attaching to guilt, and the incapacity for true enjoyment which arises from a depraved heart. Secondly, *the pursuit of the greatest good which we can attain or desire;*—including the favour of God on earth, and the enjoyment of him in heaven. Thirdly, *the temperate enjoyment of the inferior pleasures provided for man in his present state of existence.* Here



the Author contemplates man in a threefold light, as a sensitive, an intellectual, and a social being, and points out the limits of the gratifications appropriate to him in each character, separately considered. Fourthly, *the cultivation of those habits which are most conducive to enjoyment*; such as thankfulness—cheerfulness—contentment—the spirit of dependence—the spirit of activity—and the spirit of benevolence. On the last of these, Mr. B. observes:

‘ If a man can find no enjoyment except when directly engaged in seeking his own happiness, his pleasures must be necessarily limited, as well as selfish. But if, with the love of God and the love of man reigning in his heart, he take delight in rendering others happy, his sources of pleasure must be abundant and perpetual. To cultivate a spirit of benevolence is at once then our interest and our duty. “ Look not every man on his own things,” says the benevolent apostle, “ but every man also on the things of others.—Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive.” Remember the exigencies of the poor, of the friendless, of the afflicted, and of the ignorant; and connect with their miseries, their claims; their claims on your commiseration, your time, and your property. Think how many of your fellow-creatures, with natural susceptibilities of delight not inferior to your own, are altogether strangers to your happiness, and destitute of the moral and divinely prescribed means of discovering the way to its attainment! Are not myriads perishing for lack of knowledge? Are you not in possession of the treasures of Divine truth, by which they may become “ wise unto salvation,” and happy through an unchanging eternity? Remember that “ he who winneth souls” to the paths of peace and glory, is, by the highest authority, “ wise;” he is wise in seeking for himself and for others the happiness of immortality; for they who are thus wise “ shall hereafter shine with the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.”’ p. 22.

The second discourse relates to the pleasures of a good conscience, which Mr. Burder considers as consisting in *the relief enjoyed; the communications received; the habits induced; the testimony obtained*; which testimony he considers as inspiring the most delightful confidence in approaching God, as inducing a noble superiority both to the applause and to the censure of the undiscerning world, as increasing the capacity of enjoying all the lawful pleasures of life, and as administering the most desirable support in the time of trouble and in the prospect of death. With an extract from Mr. Burder’s appeal on the last of these particulars, we must take leave of his present work.

‘ Its efficacy’ (speaking of conscience) ‘ is attested by the Apostle in the words connected with the text. “ We would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble, which came upon us in Asia, that

we were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life; but we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead. For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience." Was there ever, in his eventful history, a situation of peril or of suffering, in which he was not sustained and cheered by the voice of an approving and rejoicing conscience? Under its bliss-inspiring influence, the dungeon at Philippi, at the midnight hour, was even as the gate of heaven: and at Rome, in the prospect of a speedy martyrdom, he could say with undisturbed serenity, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course: I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." These concluding words intimate, that the joyous anticipations thus expressed, were not peculiar to the Apostle, but were such as all who love the Saviour are authorised to cherish. They have been adopted, with serene composure, or with seraphic joy, by thousands and tens of thousands of departing Christians; whose dying experience attested, that to them death had lost its terrors and its sting. Directing the eye of faith to Jesus on the cross, making atonement for their sin; to Jesus before the throne, interceding for his people; and to Jesus in his glory, exercising uncontrolled authority over the invisible world and over death; they have seen no cause of trepidation in a departure from the present life: but have exulted in the prospect of being the inhabitants of another and a happier province of their Redeemer's empire, rendered attractive by his presence, and irradiated by the beams of his glory. May our end, like theirs, be peace and joy! And cannot the Gospel and the grace of Christ accomplish that for us, which it has already effected for them? Not more secure from change are the promises of the Saviour, recorded in his word, than the dispositions which reign in his heart. Let us then, with an entire reliance, entrust to his love and to his care the interests both of our mortal bodies and of our never-dying spirits. With a conscience sprinkled by his atoning blood, and purified by his word and spirit, may each of us be enabled through life and in death to exclaim, "I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him until that day." p. 42.

It is due to the Author of these valuable lectures, to state, that they have been longer on the shelf than we could have wished, or than comported with the estimate we had formed of their intrinsic merit. We wish them, what they deserve, a very extensive sale.



Art. V. *Specimens of the Russian Poets*, with Introductory Remarks.  
Part the Second. By John Bowring, F.L.S. 12mo. pp. xx. 274.  
Price 8s. London. 1823.

WE are glad to meet Mr. Bowring again on the neutral ground of poetical literature; for, while we honour his zeal, and commend his manly frankness, in the cause of the theological opinions he has espoused, we cannot but regard his religious productions with the more jealousy, on account of the talent which they display, and the estimable qualities of his character. These will, to a certain extent, give currency to compositions which it is impossible for us not to consider as highly exceptionable in their religious tendency. The blame, we are far from laying on the Author's design or motives in the publication alluded to: it devolves on his opinions, of which we think just so much the worse for this palpable exhibition of their vitiating influence on the sentiments of a man, whom, but, for his erroneous tenets, we should have hailed as an auxiliary.

The present volume was written during Mr. Bowring's solitary confinement in the prison of Boulogne; and it affords a remarkable proof of the energy and elasticity of his mind under circumstances adapted at once to depress and to agitate his spirits. 'I shall recal,' he says, 'this memorable epoch of my life with gratitude and pride—gratitude to that active sympathy which my situation awakened, and pride in the recollection, that, in the darkest moment, no dejection, far less despondency, had place in my mind.' This volume is the noblest revenge he could have taken on his persecutors. So long as it has a place in our literature, it will perpetuate the disgrace which his treatment reflects on the men who at present misgovern France in the name of the Bourbon. 'The poetry,' says Mr. Bowring, 'which is here presented'

'is the poetry of a highly imitative, strongly feeling, but despotically governed people, erected upon a magnificent, sonorous, and flexible language, blending something of the wildness of oriental character with the sternness and sobriety of European precision. That the impress of our literature, and that of our neighbours, is to be most distinctly traced, is quite certain. Nearly half the poetry which Russia possesses, is translation. Their leading authors have travelled, and have taken back with them the treasures they found; and they have done good service. The most obvious resemblance is to the German school: and to the honour of the Germans be it said, that their influence on the civilization of Russia has been most extensive and salutary. Their patient industry, their general intelligence, their social habits of life, have so interblended them with the Russian people, working a silent but an effective

change, that the whole mass will become leavened with their long-suffering, their industrious, and intellectual virtues. The necessary result of an habitual intercourse with foreign nations,—an intercourse established by Peter the Great, and most wisely encouraged by all his successors,—was the introduction of models which placed the poets of Russia, as to form at least, on a level with the most cultivated people of the South. Their language easily lent itself to all the varieties of versification, and without the gradations of advancing improvement, they adopted a style of poetical composition which they have found no reason to modify or change.

‘On the whole, the present volume will possess a character much more decidedly national than the former. A variety of poems connected with the earlier history of Russia, and others representing the peculiar habits of the Russians, are introduced. The national songs especially will, I trust, excite some attention. These are the poetry of the people. These are the fragments whose authors are never raised from the darkness of oblivion—these are the joy and the study of the peasantry, their consolation in the dreariness of their wintry dwellings, conveyed from tongue to tongue through many a generation. These are no subjects for criticism; for criticism cannot reach them—it cannot abstract one voice from the chorus, nor persuade the village youths and maidens that the measure is false, or the music is discordant. The forms of versification, though some of them are rude and irregular, I have endeavoured to preserve as a part of their original charm. I have heard them sung in the wooden huts of the cottagers; and have been cheered by them when the boor has whirled by me in his uncouth sledge over the frozen snow. The rude melody, often gentle and plaintive, in which they found utterance, still vibrates in my ear. I ask for them no admiration—they are the delight of millions. The fame of the *Iliad* is nothing to theirs.’

If Mr. Bowring means *Pope's Iliad*, we agree with him; and surely, he cannot be serious in comparing the most popular of all ancient poems,—one which forms the epitome of the language and literature of classical Greece,—a poem the delight of five and twenty centuries, itself the fountain-head of a thousand streams of verse,—with any thing that can be furnished by the infant literature of Russia. It is *Chevy Chase* to *Paradise Lost*,—“*Guerrino Meschino*” to *Dante*. In *Boulogne* prison, the recollection of these Russian songs would come to his mind linked with a variety of pleasing associations, the charm of which would be exaggerated by contrast. But we who receive them through the medium of translation, divorced from the plaintive melodies which gave them half their expression, have no other means of judging of them than by their intrinsic merit; and though they may not be, as compositions, subjects for criticism, still, unless they are



recommended by some of those touches of pathos, or gentle sentiment, or beautiful simplicity, which give a grace 'beyond the reach of art' to some of our old ballads, the mere fact of their being the delight of millions, would not render them worthy of notice—any more than the senseless carols and ditties which are heard with delight by our own villagers. Waiving our Author's indiscreet comparison, however, we are ready to admit that these poems have highly interested us; and, as exhibiting 'the early development of poetical literature in a nation bursting into civilization,' they must be regarded, if not with admiration, yet, with satisfaction and some portion of surprise. If the boors of Muscovy are really capable of receiving delight from the originals, they would certainly seem to be considerably in advance of a large proportion of our English rustics. The following occurs among the 'National Songs.' Query, how would it be received by a village audience in Zomerzetshire?

'On an oak there sate  
A turtle with his mate—  
There in amorous meeting  
One another greeting,  
Each with flapping wing  
All its joy repeating.  
Swift a vulture sprung,  
Eagle-eyed and young,  
And he bore away  
That poor turtle gray—  
That poor turtle gray,  
With his ruby feet;  
On the oak-tree wood  
Spilt the turtle's blood:  
All the plumage soft  
O'er the meadow driven;  
All his down aloft  
Borne by winds of heaven.  
O how desolate  
Sat the mourning mate;  
How she groan'd and sigh'd  
While her turtle died.  
'Weep not—why complain,  
Little turtle, love?'  
Said the vulture then  
To the widow'd dove;  
'O'er the azure sea  
I will bring to thee  
Flocks of turtles, where  
Thou shalt choose thy dear,

Choose thy lover sweet,  
Choose the brightest, best,  
With a fair gray breast,  
And with ruby feet.'

' Fly not, murderous bird !  
O'er the azure sea !'  
Thus the dove was heard  
Answering mournfully ;  
' Bring no flocks to me  
O'er the azure sea ;  
Can their presence be  
Comfort to my breast ?  
Will they bring to me  
The father of my nest ?' '

The next we shall transcribe, has more the air of a native ballad, and is in a more popular style of sentiment: an English ear misses, however, the clink of rhyme.

' Sing, O sing again, lovely lark of mine,  
Sing there alone amidst the green of May !  
' In the prison tower the lad sits mournfully,  
To his father writes—to his mother writes :  
Thus he wrote—and these—these were the very words ;  
' O good father mine—thou beloved sir !  
O good mother mine—thou beloved dame !  
Ransom me, I pray—ransom the good lad,  
He is your beloved—is your only son !'  
Father—mother—both—both refused to hear,  
Cursed their hapless race—cursed their hapless seed ;  
' Never did a thief our honest name disgrace—  
Highwayman or thief never stain'd the name.'

' Sing, O sing again, lovely lark of mine,  
Sitting there alone in the green of May !

' From the prison-tower thus the prisoner wrote,  
Thus the prisoner wrote to his beloved maid ;  
' O thou soul of mine ! O thou lovely maid !  
Truest love of mine—sweetest love of mine !  
Save—O save, I pray, save the prison'd lad !'  
Swiftly, then, exclaim'd that beloved maid ;  
' Come, attendant ! come—come my faithful nurse—  
Servant faithful—you that long have faithful been,  
Bring the golden key—bring the key with speed—  
Ope the treasure chests—open them in haste ;  
Golden treasures bring—bring them straight to me ;  
Ransom him, I say—ransom the good lad,  
He is my beloved—of my heart beloved.'

' Sing, O sing again, lovely lark of mine,  
Sitting there alone amidst the green of May.'



We must now select a few specimens of the productions which have procured for their respective writers a name among the poets of Sclavonia. 'Moskva Rescued,' is interesting on account of its strictly national theme. The Author, Dmitriev, appears to us to merit no secondary rank among his contemporaries.

• MOSKVA RESCUED.

'Receive the minstrel wanderer  
Within thy glades, thou shadowy wood!  
No idle tone of joy be here;  
Nor let even Venus' song intrude!  
Fair Moskva's smile my vision fills—  
Her fields, her waters,—towering high,  
And seated on her throne of hills,  
A glorious pile of days gone by.

'O Moskva, many a nation's mother,  
How bright thy glances beam on me!  
Where, like to thee—where stands another—  
Where, Russia's daughter, like to thee!  
As pearls thy thousand crowns appear,  
Thy hands a diamond sceptre hold;  
Thy domes, thy steeples bright and clear,  
Like sunny rays on eastern gold.  
The treasures of the orient meet  
Those of the west; through every street  
A stream of wealth and luxury flows.  
Thy sons are natural heirs of fame,  
Courage and glory shrine their name;  
Thy daughters—lovely as the rose.

'But war has spread its terrors o'er thee,  
And thou wert once in ashes laid;  
Thy throne seem'd tottering then before thee,  
Thy sceptre feeble as thy blade.  
Sarmatian fraud and force, o'er-raging  
The humbled world, have reach'd thy gate;  
Thy faith with flattering smiles engaging,  
Now threatening daggers on thee wait—  
And they were drawn—thy temples sank—  
Thy virgins led with fetter-clank—  
Thy sons' blood streaming to the skies—  
'Spirit of vengeance! now arise.  
Save me, thou guardian angel!—save!  
So criedst thou in thy agony.  
Thy streets are silent as the grave—  
The unsneath'd sword—it hangs o'er thee.

' And where is Russia's saviour—where?—  
 Stand up—arouse thee—in thy might!  
 Moskva alarm'd—surrounded there  
 And clouded, as a winter's night.  
 Look!—she awakes—she knows no fear,  
 And young and old, and prince and slave,—  
 Their daggers flash like boreal light;  
 They crowd—they crowd them to the fight.  
 But who is that with snowy hair—  
 The first—that stern old man—the tide  
 Of heroes he leads onward there!  
 Pozharsky—Russia's strength and pride!  
 What transport tunes my lyre!—my lays  
 Seem glowing with celestial fire;  
 O! I will sing that old man's praise.  
 Shout loudly now, thou heavenly choir!  
 I hear—I hear the armour's sound;  
 The dust-clouds round the pillars rise—  
 See; Russia's children gather round.  
 Pozharsky o'er the city flies,  
 And from death's stillness he awakes  
 The very life of valour.—Lo!  
 Midst the star's light, and sunny glow,  
 He forms the firm courageous row.  
 Here—there; hope, joy, again appear;  
 The burghers gather round him there,  
 And range them for the combat now.

' And why this crowd?' a warrior calls  
 From a high pinnacle—he saw—  
 His senses whelm'd in fear and awe—  
 He fled from Kremlin's royal walls.  
 ' Sarmatians! To your swords!' he said;  
 ' Delay not, for we are betray'd;  
 ' I saw the gathering enemy  
 ' Stretch'd like a waking snake along;  
 ' They gain the city rapidly—  
 ' The fields are cover'd with the throng.'  
 'Tis bustle all—'tis all dismay—  
 What crowds of soldiers fill each street!  
 Round walls and gates their cohorts meet,  
 And like a whirlwind urge their way  
 To where Sclavonian thunders roar!

' And see! how bright the heaven is glowing!—  
 What smoke—what flame—what blood is flowing!  
 Sword echoes sword the wide plain o'er;  
 Whole ranks are harvested, that stood  
 Like the firm oak trees of the wood;



The bullets o'er the field are flying—  
Here sleep the dead, there shriek the dying:  
There, staggering 'neath a lance's wound,  
A wild-horse madly stamps the ground,  
Flies—falls—and covers, as he dies,  
The turf on which his rider lies;  
Still the storm struggles in the air,  
And agony is every where.

' Death is the conqueror!—death—despair!  
They rule o'er village, field, and grove:  
A wounded maiden tears her hair,  
A hoary sire just looks above,  
Then to the ground—and sleeps serenely.  
Come, moralist! and study here;  
See that poor orphan, suffering keenly,—  
His star is sunk; the starting tear  
That falls for those whose blood was spilt—  
For others' interests, others' guilt,  
Trembles upon his cheeks; the fate  
Of war hath left him friendless—best  
Were it for him to join the rest,  
Nor live thus drear and desolate.

' And thrice the day hath seen the strife,  
And thrice hath dawn'd Aurora blithe;  
The battle-demon sports with life,  
Death waves untired his murderous scythe.  
Pozharsky's thunder still is heard;  
He speeds him like the eagle-bird  
Following his prey—destroying—crushing,—  
Then on the Poles with fury rushing,  
He scatters them like flying sands,—  
That giant of the hundred hands.  
On! On!—What transports of delight!  
' Hurrah! Pozharsky wins the fight!  
The city joins the ecstasy—  
' O yes! our Moskva now is free!'

' O memorable morning's ray!  
O ne'er to be forgotten day,  
What painter's pencil shall portray thee,  
And in thy natural joy array thee,  
And tell each bosom's rapture then!  
Millions in wild delight!—they crowd  
Upon the bulwarks, shouting loud:—  
The very roofs are made of men.  
What flower-wreathes o'er the streets they flung,  
What triumph-songs the churches sung;  
How high, how bright the banners hung,  
And palms crown'd every citizen!

'Where is the hero?—where is he  
 Who led our sons to victory?  
 List to that cry of eloquence—  
 'What—what shall be his recompense?'  
 Look!—He who made the invaders bleed,  
 And Moskva and his country freed,  
 He—modest as courageous—he  
 Takes the bright garland from his brow,  
 And to a youth he bends him now—  
 He bends his old and hero-knee.  
 'Thou art of royal blood,' he said,  
 'Thy father is in foemen's hand;  
 'Wear thou that garland on thy head,  
 'And bless, O bless our father-land!'  
  
 'Valiant old hero! Russia's pride,  
 And Russia's love,—I bless thee now.  
 By the gigantic mountain's side  
 May everlasting waters flow;  
 May marshes turn to groves and woods;  
 Out of our wastes may gardens grow;  
 And in our barren solitudes  
 May cities flourish—and decay:  
 While generations pass away,  
 And brighter lights disperse their ray;  
 Yet thou shalt be the poet's charm,  
 And thou shalt be the warrior's glory,  
 Through never-ending time to warm  
 The bosom with thy patriot story.' pp. 35—43.

This is followed by a very spirited ode to the Volga, by the same Poet, and two or three lyrics of an Anacreontic cast, not deficient in elegance. But we take our next extract from Karamisin: loyalty has seldom had a happier theme.

**'SONG of the GOOD TZAR.**

*'Pesnya o dobrom Tzaræ.*

'Russia had a noble Tzar,  
 Sovereign honour'd wide and far;  
 He a father's love enjoy'd,  
 He a father's power employ'd.  
  
 'And he sought his children's bliss,  
 And their happiness was his:  
 Left for them his golden halls,  
 Left for them his palace walls.  
  
 'He, a wanderer for them,  
 Left his royal diadem;  
 Staff and knapsack all his treasure;  
 Toil and danger all his pleasure.



‘ Wherefore hath he journey’d forth,  
From his glorious, sceptred north?  
Flying pride, and pomp, and power;  
Suffering heat, and cold, and shower?

‘ Why?—because this noble king,  
Light and truth and bliss might bring,  
Spread intelligence, and pour  
Knowledge out on Russia’s shore.

‘ Wherefore would this noble king  
Light and truth and virtue bring,  
Spread intelligence, and pour  
Knowledge out on Russia’s shore?

‘ He would guide by wisdom’s ray  
All his subjects in their way;  
And while beams of glory giving,  
Teach them all the arts of living.

‘ O thou noble King and Tzar!  
Earth ne’er saw so bright a star—  
Tell me, have ye ever found

Such a prince the world around?’ pp. 127, 8.

Is this worthy bard pensioned? He deserves it, if he is among the living. We find that we have marked for selection two or three poems by Batiushkov. ‘The Farewell,’ is very prettily translated, and its Author must share the honour with Mr. Bowring.

#### ‘ THE FAREWELL.

‘ Bent o’er his sabre, torrents starting  
From his dim eyes, the bold hussar  
Thus greets his cherish’d maid, while parting  
For distant fields of war:

‘ ‘ Weep not, my fair one! O forbear thee!  
No anguish can those tears remove;  
For, by my troth and beard, I swear thee,  
Time shall not change my love.

‘ ‘ That love shall bloom—a deathless blossom,  
My shield in fight—with sword in hand,  
And thou, my Lila, in my bosom,  
What shall that sword withstand?

‘ ‘ Weep not, my fair one! O forbear thee!  
Those tears can bid no grief depart;  
And were I faithless, Maid! I swear thee,  
Anguish would tear my heart!

‘ ‘ Then my good steed would sure betray me,  
And falter in the battle-fray,  
In peril’s hours refuse to obey me—  
My stirrup would give way.

' ' The sword, my valour's proudest token,  
When grasp'd, like rotten wood would break ;  
And I should seek thee, spirit-broken,  
Death's paleness on my cheek.'

' But the false horseman's steed obey'd him,  
Gentle and eager still ;—his sword,  
Bright and unbroken, ne'er betray'd him,  
Though he broke oath and word.

' The tale of love—the tears which shower'd  
From Lila's eye—were all forgot ;  
The rose-wreath faded—pale—deflower'd :—  
Such buds re-blossom not !

' That maiden's breast of peace he rifles ;  
Then hies him to another's breast ;  
Man's oaths to woman are but—trifles ;  
And love itself—a jest.

' He serves—secures—and then he slights them ;  
His vows are change—and treachery ;  
For laughing Cupid's arrow writes them  
Upon the shifting sea.' pp. 145—7.

' The Prisoner' breathes a natural and touching strain of sentiment, and probably is not inferior in felicity of expression in the original ; but it is less finished in the translation. We shall, therefore, give the preference to the following playful little poem of the same Author.

#### ' LOVE IN A BOAT.

' 'Tis a calm and silent even,  
Luna rests upon the sea ;  
See ! the impelling breeze has driven,  
Driven a little bark to me.

' What a lovely child is seated  
At the helm—a trembling child !

' Thou wilt perish, boy ill-fated !  
Whelm'd among the surges wild.'

' ' Help me ! help me ! gentle stranger !  
All my strength, alas ! is gone :  
Take the helm—conduct the ranger  
To some harbour of thy own.'

' Pity's warmth, that never freezes,  
Bid me seize the helm :—we sped,  
Wafted by awakening breezes,  
As by feather'd arrows led.

' Swiftly, swiftly then we glided  
By the flowery shores along ;  
Reach'd a spot where joy presided,  
Smiling nymphs, and dance and song.



' Music welcomed us and laughter,  
Garlands at our feet were thrown ;  
Then I look'd my wanderer after—  
I was left—the bark was gone.

' On the stormy shore I laid me,  
Careless of the surge's spray ;  
Sought the child who had betray'd me,  
Saw him laugh—and row away.

' Lo ! he beckons—lo ! he urges—  
Through the noisy waves I fly :  
Off he speeds across the surges,  
Laughing out with louder joy.

' Wet and weary, I retreated  
To the scene of revelry :—  
'Twas a fairy dream that cheated—  
All was blank obscurity.

' Wanderer ! if that boat should ever  
Meet thy vision, O be coy !

'Tis delusive—trust him never—  
Cupid is a wicked boy.' pp. 151—3.

A very singular and very *German* poem bears the name of Voeikov, addressed ' To my future Bride.' We must, however, pass it over, as well as some very spirited and characteristic martial poems.

' The Minstrel in the Russian Camp,' by Zhukovsky, is said to be ' perhaps the most popular of modern poetical productions ' in Russia.' Mr. Bowring apologises for the introduction of poems of this character, the sentiment and spirit of which are so little congenial with his own feelings ; but they could not have been with any propriety excluded from specimens of the Russian Poets.

The extracts we have given, will sufficiently recommend the volume to the notice of our readers. It is, we think, on the whole, superior in interest and variety to its predecessor, although it contains no single poem equal in elevation of sentiment to Derzhavin's Ode to the Supreme Being\* ; and the execution, though marks of haste occur, does great credit to the taste of the Translator. We are now promised a *Dutch Anthology*. Who could have looked for any thing but tulips from Holland ? And this same adventurous Translator, who has ' culled these garlands 'neath the Polar Star,' and selected forget-me-nots and we know not what other flowers of

\* Vide Eclectic Review, Vol. XV. p. 287.

poesy, that have wasted their sweetness on the flats of Batavia, —has been month after month favouring the public with specimens from the Spanish, and has now recently given us a spirited version of a Modern Greek Ode. He and Mr. Cary together deserve to be appointed interpreters general to all the Muses.

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Art. VI. *A Visit to Spain*; detailing the Transactions which occurred during a Residence in that Country, in the latter Part of 1822, and the first four Months of 1823. With an Account of the Removal of the Court from Madrid to Seville; and general Notices of the Manners, Customs, Costume, and Music of the Country. By Michael J. Quin, Barrister at Law, and Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. 8vo. pp. 360, xxiv. Price 12s. London. 1823.

**I**N cutting open the pages of this volume, our eyes were caught by a 'Postscript;' and as experience has taught us, that it is not in the notes of ladies only that the P. S. indicates the most essential and characteristic part of the communication, we immediately concluded that this would give us more information respecting the Author's views and sentiments than all the rest of the work. We find that it ought to have formed the Preface. It intimates that the substance of the volume has appeared in one of the London Newspapers; and we suspect that the visit to Spain was undertaken for the express purpose of supplying that Journal with political information. The competent manner in which Mr. Quin has executed his task, will distinguish him, if such were the case, from the ordinary agents and correspondents of Newspapers, and we are far from intending to cast the slightest imputation on his respectability or independence. Yet, in laying claim to 'the most perfect freedom from bias,' the Writer may possibly be thought to go rather further than is compatible with a close connexion with any London journal.

'As an eye witness,' he says, 'who is bound to represent events in the shape in which they came before him, I have been under the painful necessity of relating scenes which I witnessed, and of speaking of the government and finances of Spain, in a manner which her ardent friends in England may think unjust. Upon the latter points, time shall vindicate or condemn my observations; upon the former, I know I have spoken the truth, and I appeal to those impartial English friends who were in Madrid when I resided there.'

'But, if any reader, after perusing these sheets, conclude from them, that I am unfriendly to the cause of Spain, I should regret it extremely. I went to that country perfectly unbiassed; I soon saw that the Constitution was impracticable, and I perfectly agreed



with those who wished that it was as much as possible assimilated to the Constitution of England. But I did then abhor, as I do still, and ever shall abhor, the entry of a foreign power armed for the purpose of carrying their improvements into effect. Under such auspices no alterations can be effectual, and I am sure they cannot be for the benefit of freedom. The French bayonets may prescribe a new Constitution for Spain, but they will write it in sand. As soon as they retire, the tide of liberty will set in again, and break up all their futile and laborious calculations.'

That the Constitution in question was not very well adapted to the prejudices and circumstances of the Spanish nation, seems to be an admitted point: how far it would have proved *impracticable*, cannot now be known. The apathy and brutal passiveness of the people, which render them the fit subjects of Ferdinand and the monks, might have induced a stupid acquiescence in more liberal institutions; while it is probable, that the Government would have been led to perceive the necessity of introducing those modifications in the Constitution, which would have given it a better chance of permanence. The 'impracticability' of the scheme was certainly not the reason of its miscarrying. Its alleged defects were made a pretext for foreign interference; but it may be reasonably questioned whether the 'military rebellion,' would have been looked upon in silence by the Verona Committee, whatever constitution had been adopted. The notes transmitted to the Spanish ministry by the Holy Alliance, are justly characterised by Mr. Quin as 'the most insulting communications that were ever made by one independent state to another.' No one dreams, that any movement in favour of either civil or religious liberty, in that or any other country of Europe, however unanimous on the part of the nation, would have been acceptable to that worthy triumvirate. Yet, unsupported by Russia and the stock-brokers, France would never have ventured an army across the Pyrenees. And, whatever had been the good wishes of the monks towards Ferdinand, the impotency of the Regency of Urgel was sufficiently shewn. Whatever were the errors of the late ministers, or of the Cortes, whatever the defects of the Spanish Constitution, we think it quite clear, that these had extremely little to do in causing the disastrous issue which has reinstated for a time the most despicable of monarchs in absolute power.

Mr. Quin, after describing the effervescence of the public mind, occasioned by the notes received from the Foreign Powers, as violent and very general, at this stage of affairs supposes the question to be put: What was the new situation of the Government? Was it one which promised permanence to

the Constitution, or augured its destruction? The following is his reply.

‘ Generally speaking, novelties of any sort have a great deal to struggle against, before they can be amalgamated with the habits, and endeared to the feelings of a nation. Even where no doubts are entertained of the utility of a change, it is always difficult, and sometimes impossible, to induce communities to approve of it. It disturbs in a thousand little ways the previous routine of their lives; it imposes upon them new duties; and, as in the case before us, it may exact from them sacrifices which they are unwilling to make. The necessity of suppressing the “factions” forced the government to muster large armies by means of a conscription. In many provinces this measure was resisted, and in all it was the subject of bitter complaints with families, who sometimes saw their only stay snatched from them by the arm of the laws. The agitations prevailing in the country, and the losses which were occasioned in some provinces by the actual presence, or the incursions of the “factions,” rendered it difficult for great numbers of persons to pay in their contributions to the state; and they were harassed by proceedings for enforcing them. It was frequently stated in Cortes, that the annual amount of the contributions levied on the people, since the restoration of the Constitution, was considerably below that which was paid during the despotism. I am not prepared to confirm or dispute this assertion: but from all that I saw or heard up to this time in Spain, I was convinced that the people generally did not believe this allegation, and that the great majority of them were desirous of nothing so much as of peace. If any tradesman, or a peasant labouring in the fields, were asked whether he was a Constitutionalist, the answer was, “All that I want is peace.” Exceptions to this observation might have been met with in places where party spirit ran high, and divided towns and villages into different sects. But where the passions were not excited, “Peace—Peace!” was the desire of all.

‘ As to the clergy, it was notorious that the great majority of the secular as well as the regular degrees were at heart hostile to the constitution, however they might have found it necessary to disguise their feelings. The friars naturally detested the new system, because it swore imperishable hatred against them; the bishops, canons, and parochial clergy were exasperated, because the Cortes had reduced the tithes to one-half of their former amount; and had appropriated to the state different sorts of funds which had long been subservient to the splendour of the church. If there were those who wished to annihilate the church and clergy together, they would have found it a difficult task. The Spanish people are wedded to their religion, or at least to its ceremonies. They have had no writers amongst them such as Voltaire and Rousseau, who by a fashionable wit, or the eloquence of a rash imagination, might have rendered the doctrines of impiety and immorality attractive. Even if, unhappily, such writers had existed in Spain, the people were never sufficiently educated to read and comprehend their works. Hence they were in a very different situation from that in which the French were found



at the commencement of their Revolution. That is to say, the Spaniards were not absolutely demoralized, and any attempt to extirpate or banish the clergy, as a body, would have inevitably rebounded on the heads of its contrivers.

'It can be scarcely necessary to add, that the *grandees*, with very few exceptions, were as much opposed to the new system as the clergy. It wounded their pride to the quick, because it levelled them in point of rank with the lowest of the people: it gave them no privilege in lieu of this degradation; it subjected them to the performance of the duties of common constables, to service in the militia, and to enormous taxation; for their estates, already encumbered by their own or their ancestors' necessities, were charged according to their nominal value. To this it may seem an answer, that many of the nobility have taken offices under the Constitution, and have materially assisted its progress. This is true to a certain extent; but it is equally true, that several were voluntary exiles both from the country and the system; as to the rest, their sincerity has been doubted, with the exception, perhaps, of the Duke del Parque, the Duke of Frias, and the Marquis of Santa Cruz, who seem to understand and appreciate the blessings of liberty. Even these three noblemen would, perhaps, witness without displeasure the establishment of a chamber of peers.

'Looking, therefore, to the Peninsula alone, it would appear that the mass of the people were indifferent with respect to the Constitution; and two very powerful classes were sincerely adverse to it. Every day new enemies to the system rose from the bosom of the country; and in point of fact it was upheld only by the army, by those enjoying public employments, and those desirous to obtain them.

'In addition to these things, the four principal Powers of the continent had openly declared their hostility against the Constitution of Spain. The ministers of three of those Powers were already withdrawn, and their relations with the court of Madrid suspended. The minister of the fourth was indeed still lingering in the capital: a curious instance of undisguised double-dealing on the part of France, and of conscious weakness on that of the Spanish Government. Was it possible, then, that under these formidable disadvantages the Constitution could march on to its consolidation?' pp. 160—62.

Certainly not. But what connexion had these external disadvantages with the merits or demerits of the Constitution? The declared hostility of the Four Great Powers was not against the Constitution simply, but against the 'military rebellion,'—against the revolution. And, in the estimation of the French Ministry, it is plain that the 'modifications' about which so much has been said, were, even as a point of honour, a matter of inferior consideration—as well they might be. M. de Chateaubriand distinctly stated to Sir Charles Stuart, that this was not the real ground on which the war was decided on. His pretext was, that while the agents of Spain admitted the

defects of their constitution, and expressed a readiness to concur in the operation of a change, their societies were actively endeavouring to organize revolt in France.

‘ In short, he added, the enormity of the evils resulting from war, was not to be compared with the consequences which must result from the success of intrigues which the French minister had no means of preventing during the continuance of peace. This language of the French minister,’ (adds Mr. Quin,) ‘ was perhaps somewhat exaggerated as to the intrigues imputed to the Spanish government and legislature for the purpose of producing revolt in France. It is not probable, from what I could learn, that either the government or Cortes, or any of their principal members, had any connexion with those intrigues.’

But if this was the temper of the French ministry, then it was clearly not the theoretical imperfections in the Spanish constitution, that necessitated or occasioned the French invasion, and thus prevented the experiment from being fairly tried, how far ‘ the constitution could march on to its consolidation.’ If James the Second, instead of running away, had been able to call a foreign army to his aid, there would have been disadvantages scarcely less formidable in the way of the consolidation of English liberty. The majority of the clergy would here, as in Spain, have stood by the absolute king; and had Churchill but played the part of Ballasteros, all would have been lost. And yet, Spain is a century or two behind what England was in 1688.

Mr. Quin's chief authorities, both for the facts and the arguments relating to this question, are Sir W. A'Court's despatches. A newspaper could not have better authority: history will require something further. Sir William, it is true, talked a great deal about modifications, but that proves nothing: he is an old diplomatist.

If we cannot, however, allow the Writer all the merit which he claims on the score of political impartiality, we may safely recommend his volume as containing much acceptable and entertaining information. He gives the following account of the ex-ministers.

‘ At the head of the new ministry is Evaristo San Miguel. He was chief of the staff in the army of the Isla, and performed his duties in a blameless manner. After this he became one of the principal members of the party of Freemasons, to which he owes his elevation. It may be here observed that this party was originally formed in Cadiz in the year 1812, and in the beginning they adopted the same system of toleration and philanthropy which is held by all the Freemasons of Europe. In 1814, upon the return of Ferdinand,



and the re-establishment of the monstrous tribunal of the Inquisition, they were persecuted with peculiar malignity. But their internal organization serving them with the means of active secret communication, they formed the design of restoring liberty, and they exerted themselves strenuously to accomplish that object. The unsuccessful conspiracies of Lacy and of Porlier were planned and supported by this association. At last they were fortunate in the famous revolution of the Isla. All the operations of the army which proclaimed the Constitution were arranged in the Lodges, and every thing done through the medium of freemasonry.

'San Miguel is a young man who has acquired scarcely any political knowledge, and has not the slightest tact for diplomacy, extremely irritable, and impatient of censure, however gentle the form in which it may be conveyed. In distributing the various offices attached to his department, he has been charged with great partiality—a charge, indeed, to which every minister is liable, because he very naturally has the greatest confidence in those private friends with whose characters and abilities he is best acquainted. It is further charged against him, that he has not originated one single measure which indicates a profound and happy genius, since he has been invested with office. He gets through the routine business with sufficient industry, but there is about him no attribute of a statesman. He was one of the editors of the journal called the *Españador*, immediately before his elevation to office; and it is understood that he continues to support, as well as to control, that paper by his writings.

'Lopez Banos, the minister of war, was one of the generals who commanded in the army of the Isla. He evinced, however, some delay in joining the Constitutional party. He is considered a good soldier, but not skilled in what may be called the scientific division of his department.

'Gasco, the Minister of the Interior, is considered to be a man of a firm and decided character. He is of active habits, and attached to liberty. He was an advocate, a profession comparatively obscure in Spain, because the Courts are not founded on a public basis; besides Gasco never acquired any eminence as a lawyer. It is believed that he has a sincere love for his country. He listens with affability to the advices which are occasionally given to him, but his great defect is, that he is not "up to the age."

'The minister of Grace and Justice, Navarro, is the declared enemy of all the usurpations and abuses of the court of Rome. He is well versed in the canon laws, of an intelligent mind, but rather backward in that general reading which is necessary to a man who would express himself in Cortes in a lucid and impressive manner. He is of an austere, unamiable character, and rather a logician than a statesman.

'Probity is a rare quality in the Spanish cabinet. It is affirmed, however, that the finance minister, Egea, is scrupulously honest. He works hard, is sufficiently acquainted with the routine of his office, has good intentions, but little resolution. He considers the modern science of political economy as a mere farce.

Not so the ultra marine minister, Vadillo, who is well grounded in political economy, a man of literature and knowledge. He was an advocate at Cadiz. He is blamed as too docile, and incapable of firm resolution. He has written some excellent works on the necessity of a free trade, for which he is a zealous partisan. He is considered a man of moderation and virtue.

The man who has perhaps acquired most weight in the ministry, after San Miguel, is Capaz, the minister of marine. When he was in Peru, he surrendered to Lord Cochrane the fine frigate of war the *Maria Isabel*, in a manner far from being honourable to his courage. It must, however, be observed, that most of the operations of this minister have been commented upon in violent, which is not always just, language. He is a decided enemy to South American independence, and to his representations is chiefly to be imputed the unfortunate policy which infects this, as well as the former governments, of sending out expeditions to the American continent. Report, perhaps calumny, says that these expeditions are not unproductive of gain to himself and his friends. Such is the preponderance which he has acquired in the state, that there are not a few of his party who desire his fall, that they may have at least a chance of succeeding him.

The treasurer-general, Yandiola, has no seat in the cabinet, but he is intimately connected with the present ministers, and generally consulted by them on all financial questions. He is rather a young man, forward, well educated; but though his manners are elegant and engaging, he has not been able to conciliate public opinion, which from the beginning has been adverse to him.

Besides the ministers, the leading men of Cortes, Augustin and Canga Arguelles, Galiano, Isturitz, and a great majority of that body are of the party called Freemasons. It must be understood that in Spain the Society of Freemasons is chiefly of a political character. The members composing it are persons who co-operated for the restoration of the constitution in 1820; hence they were so closely connected with the troops, who assisted them with such effect on that occasion, that they naturally adopted principles which every day tended more and more to subject the country to the rule of a strataocracy.

The ministry of Martinez de la Rosa, and the party which supported it, was understood to be of a character rather aristocratical. They were called *Anilleros* (men who wear rings), and they consisted of the higher classes of the nobility. It is believed that an opinion prevailed very generally amongst them in favour of certain modifications in the constitution, the principal of which was the establishment of a chamber of peers. Some hopes had been given, it is said, to the courts of Russia and France, that the modifications which this party contemplated might be effected without the aid of foreign intervention. But those expectations were effectually frustrated by the events of the 7th July, and from that period, it is added, the two powers just mentioned determined on compelling Spain by force of arms to alter her constitution.



' The impulse which was communicated to the democratic principle of the constitution by the result of the events of the 7th of July gave birth to a third party, who called themselves *Comuneros*. The leaders of this party, Palarea, Ballasteros, Romero Alpuente, Morales, and others, who participated by their personal exertions in the victory which was obtained over the royal guards, conceived that they deserved equally well of their country for having preserved the constitution, as the Freemasons did for having restored it. They soon gathered around them a very numerous party, which assumed to itself an exclusive interest in the third article of the Constitution, that is to say, in the sovereignty of the people. Some time after the Freemasons came into office with San Miguel, the differences between them and the *Comuneros* grew every day more prominent. The latter outstripped the former in numbers, and drew up a regular constitution, which was calculated to organise a popular confederation throughout the Peninsula. pp. 61—5.

Mr. Quin followed the government to Seville, and he made some inquiries, he says, into the feeling of the Sevillians with regard to the Constitution: the answers which he received from persons resident there was to this effect.

' That when the Constitution was first proclaimed, a number of rich proprietors, and of steady commercial men, embarked ardently in the cause, under the hope that liberal institutions would tend greatly to the amelioration of their different interests. Within the last year, however, the frequent changes of ministry produced corresponding alterations in all the offices within the reach of their power; and the displacements and successions directed by the actual ministry soon after they came into office, were particularly peremptory and extensive. The new *employes*, it was said, consisted mostly of that half-educated gentry, who, after leaving school, had spent the greatest part of their lives in the coffee-houses, and billiard and gambling-rooms; and when they found themselves invested with authority, they exercised it in a rude and sometimes oppressive manner, assuming to themselves the character of exclusive and ultra zealous Constitutionalists. The early and rational friends of the Constitution frequently experienced causes of disgust in the conduct of these new men; and they found, according to their views and feelings, fifty petty tyrants, where only the influence of one was formerly distantly felt. They, in consequence, retired from the scene of public affairs altogether, and yielded it to the *Exaltados*—so the new men were here, as elsewhere, styled. The result of these proceedings upon the general spirit of Seville was to render it exceedingly indifferent towards the Constitution.

' One might suspect that this view of the matter had come from interested, and therefore questionable sources; but, though I made many inquiries, I could hear no representation differing essentially from what is above stated. The frequent and ineffectual applications which the authorities were making every day for money, legally due

from the inhabitants, in order to enable them to prepare for the reception of the government, tended rather to corroborate this statement.

pp. 312, 19.

Yet, amid this universal apathy, it seems that some sparks of enthusiasm have been kindled, and that both music and poetry have been enlisted on the side of the patriot feeling.

Beautiful, says Mr. Quin, as many portions of their ancient music may be, there are none superior, nor perhaps equal in point of melody, to some of the new patriotic compositions.

There is a fire, and at the same time a tenderness, in the best of these pieces, which, whatever becomes of the Constitution, promise them an immortality. I was detained a full hour, one day in the streets, listening to two itinerant musicians performing a war song. One of them sung the air, and played it at the same time on a violin; while his companion sung also and performed the accompaniment on the guitar. Both were blind, and neither sung nor played with much skill, and yet it was surprising how much effect they threw into the words of the song. The air had occasional bursts of grandeur, which animated their sightless countenances with a flush of inspiration. In the intervals between the verses, the leader recited passages from a prose rhapsody, the object of which was to rouse the Spaniards to the remembrance of those injuries which France inflicted on the Peninsula, during the last war, to flatter them with the event of the contest, and to bid them bind on their swords for the extermination of the approaching invaders. One would be surprised at the attention with which these two bards were listened to. Tears glistened frequently in the eyes of those who were crowded around them.

Our Author's notices of Spanish painting and music are, as might be expected, meagre and vague. He is not at home in the subject, nor had he time to collect the requisite information. He should not have ventured upon these topics;—especially in his title-page.

Art. VII. *Memoirs of the Baron de Kolli*, relative to his secret Mission in 1810 for liberating Ferdinand VII. King of Spain, from Captivity at Valencay. Written by Himself. To which are added, *Memoirs of the Queen of Etruria*, Written by Herself. 8vo. pp. 340. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1823.

**T**HE Sieur de Kolli appears to have been one of the most loyal, trusty, brave, and unlucky agents that were ever selected by a wise government for a secret and delicate mission. We find it hard to persuade ourselves, that the Marquess Wellesley placed any confidence in the discretion and adroitness of the individual to whom he entrusted the task of eluding and



baffling the police of Bonaparte, and achieving the liberation of the royal prisoner. And yet, the Baron tells us, that he had been selected for the execution of this great enterprise, in preference to 'a colonel of indisputable merit,' we know not in what service, 'whose disinterestedness was not sufficiently relied upon.' 'The deliverer of Ferdinand was expected to be a person guided neither by interest nor ambition.' Thus far the preference was justified: the Baron seems to have been as pure and devoted a loyalist as ever risked his neck in the cause of Legitimacy. Having at different periods been employed in secret missions in France, Italy, and Germany, he had moreover given, he says, sufficient pledges of his fidelity and devotion to the cause of the Bourbons and of royalty, to prevent the English ministers from being afraid to entrust him with the plan they had conceived to liberate Ferdinand. We should have liked exceedingly to know the nature and issue of some of these secret missions; but the Baron observes a tantalizing silence respecting the whole of his previous history up to this period of Nov. 1809. It was an ominous time; the English expedition was off Walcheren; and the same wisdom which presided over that most disastrous of enterprises, seems to have guided the Cabinet in the execution of this notable scheme for liberating Ferdinand. It is stated, that the late Duke of Kent requested permission from the King to become the principal in this plan, but that his Majesty could not consent to it. If this be correct, it affords a fine instance of chivalrous spirit and magnanimity in that distinguished and lamented individual; but one feels no surprise that the monarch's paternal feeling and good sense should have concurred in dictating his decided refusal, or that his ministers should have been equally unwilling to incur the responsibility of accepting so rash, though spirited a proposal. His majesty, however, appears to have taken no slight interest in the project; and the Baron was entrusted with a letter from King George III. to Ferdinand VII. in Latin, and in French, a copy of which is given in the present volume. The success of the measure seems, indeed, to have been very confidently anticipated. A squadron was appointed to act in concert with the Baron; Admiral Sir George Cockburn 'was to have made his descent on the coast at the moment of his catholic majesty's arrival, and the king of Spain would then have been at liberty.'

And he is now at liberty, this same Ferdinand, though neither Baron de Kolli nor the English ministry has the merit of letting him loose this time on his subjects! But at the period referred to, it is very doubtful whether the royal petti-

coat-embroiderer would have accepted of the proffered services of his heretical friends, and have co-operated in the plan for his deliverance. This the English ministers seem to have taken for granted, without, so far as appears, thinking it worth while to ascertain the inclinations of the ex-monarch; or else they trusted it to the Baron de Kolli's eloquence, to overrule alike his fears, his scruples, and his indolence. They had, however, exercised their foresight so far as to provide, if not for his escape, yet, for his reception.

'Every thing which was regarded as conducive to the comfort and convenience of the king, was put on board; the admiral sent his own plate, his best wines, chests filled with linen and clothes, an excellent selection of books, astronomical instruments and valuable maps, *consecrated plate and ornaments for Divine service*, a catholic priest to officiate; in a word, every thing which it was thought, would please the princes whom it expected to carry back to Spain.'

All this was doubtless very considerate; yet, the issue makes these details appear somewhat ridiculous. The Baron de Kolli had picked up a young man at Antwerp, whom, on the strength of his open and expressive features, he had admitted to his confidence in the capacity of his secretary. In this indiscreet and unknown youth, strange to say, our ministers seem to have reposed a measure of confidence which there appears nothing in the circumstances of his introduction to warrant. The Baron exculpates his secretary from having betrayed the cause of Ferdinand; but, whether he had played the traitor or not, to the full extent of deliberate perfidy, it is plain that he had blabbed. 'Albert,' says the Writer, 'had committed more than one fault, and the police furnished me with ocular demonstration of it.' From what other person, indeed, could the French police have obtained information as to De Kolli's secret interviews with lord Wellesley at Sir George Cockburn's? On his examination before the minister of police, M. Desmarest informed the Baron, doubtless to his surprise and chagrin, of the arrest of several persons with whom he had been politically connected. He adds: 'He gave a most accurate account of my transactions in London, of my arrival in Quiberon, and of my slightest movements in France up to the moment of my arrest.' The Baron imputes the treachery, in the first instance, to a M. de Ferriet, whom he fell in with off the coast of Quiberon, and whom he says he suspected from the first, he does not know why; his being a Frenchman, however, and pretending to be unfortunate, combated his suspicions, and so he contented himself with making him half a confidant and half an enemy. M. de Ferriet was to have been detained on board an English vessel for some



time, and then to have been put on shore at a different point. But this was not done; and though the Baron was told that the police were on the look-out for two strangers who were expected to land, and Sir George Cockburn thought it might be more prudent to choose another point of the coast, our hero inflexibly persisted in adhering to his first orders. On his arrival at Paris, he contrived to make another worthy acquaintance in the Sieur Richard, 'whom,' he says very frankly, I 'was weak enough to believe a man of honour, 'because his previous conduct had been honourable.' That is to say, he had served, or said he had, under the Prince de Talmont. To this man, whom there is some reason to suspect to have been a spy of the police, he disclosed so much of his project as led to the supposition that it involved an attempt on the life of Bonaparte. At length, the day before the Baron intended to set out for Valençay, when, all confidence and security, he had just given the faithful Richard 2700 francs to make some purchases in Paris, a knocking was heard at the door, and on its being opened, eleven armed emissaries of the police entered, and took them both into custody. De Kolli, on being asked who he was, immediately confessed the nature of his mission; as superfluous disclosure, as it afterwards appeared, and, under the circumstances, a very indiscreet one. It is easy to perceive that the Baron was proud of his commission, and that vanity had some share in inducing him to repeat his answer aloud. The trusty Secretary contrived to be out of the way, informed, there can be little doubt, of the intended visit; for he does not appear to have been molested. De Kolli in his first examination was led, he distinctly admits, without perceiving it, to answer questions he had previously determined to evade completely. The method of interrogation, he complains, jumbled all his ideas. Once, however, he sufficiently regained his self-possession to give a directly false answer, in a matter, it seems to us, not worth the poor stratagem of a lie. It was subsequently proposed to him by Fouché, still to complete his mission to Ferdinand, under the sanction of the French police, that they might know whether the King had any wish to make his escape.

'I should have an opportunity of seeing the prince, and hearing from his own mouth an admission or a disavowal, of the interest which the King of England expressed to him in his letter; and if, in spite of the reasons which led them to imagine one rather than the other, the prince consented to seize the opportunity of escaping, in that case only slight impediments would be thrown in the way of his flight; and that then would be the time to avail myself of the funds placed to his credit.'

This insidious proposal the Baron rejects with high-minded indignation; upon which he is taken back to the Donjon of Vincennes, and the Sieur Richard consents to go as his counterfeit. The sequel may be given in the words of Bonaparte, as reported by Mr. O'Meara. The subject of Baron Kolli and Ferdinand being one day introduced,

'Kolli,' said he, 'was discovered by the police, by his always drinking a bottle of the best wine, which so ill corresponded with his dress and apparent poverty, that it excited a suspicion among some of the spies, and he was arrested, searched, and his papers taken from him. A police agent was then dressed up, instructed to represent Kolli, and sent with the papers taken from him to Ferdinand, who, however, would not attempt to effect his escape, although he had no suspicion of the deceit passed upon him.'

The reception which the pseudo-Baron met with is thus described by M. de Berthemy, the governor of Valençay.

'Richard having been introduced into the castle, placed himself in a gallery which led to the royal apartments. Deceived by a guilty conscience, Richard saw the Infant Don Antonio coming out; he imagined that prince was the king, and shewed him some trifles. His royal highness examined them, and put some questions to him, about turnery work, listened with indulgence to his unconnected gossip, and perceiving an extraordinary confusion in the man, endeavoured to read through his dull countenance. His royal highness was about to retire, when the pretended merchant declared himself an envoy from the British government to effect his majesty's escape, and that he had letters of king George to deliver to his majesty..... His royal highness cast a significant look at him, withdrew without paying the least attention to what he said, and immediately informed the king of the circumstance. His majesty sent his usher shortly after to complain of this audacity, and requested me to dismiss the wretch.'

De Kolli was for four years imprisoned *au secret* at Vincennes; he was then transferred to Saumur, and the ominous order had been received for his being sent, under proper escort, with seven other state prisoners, to Fontainebleau, when the entry of the Allies into Paris occasioned his liberation. The narrative of his imprisonment, his escape and re-capture, and his subsequent adventures, is highly interesting, and forms the best apology for the publication. Its disclosures certainly reflect no credit on the wisdom of his employers; but they place in a still stronger light, the unprincipled character of his persecutors, their meanness, shameless dishonesty, and sanguinary inclination.

We have no room left to notice the *Memoirs of the Queen of Etruria*. They were addressed by the royal Authoress, to



the Allied Powers, in 1814, in vindication of her own rights and those of her son, to the dutchy of Parma, Placentia, and Gueſtalla. They are brief and not uninteresting, though by no means deeply tragical. A characteristic ſentence occurs in the early part of the narrative.

—‘ For ſome time we were obliged to have recourſe to the nobility, who ſupplied us with chandeliers, plate, and other articles equally indiſpenſible. This was the firſt time that the daughter of the king of Spain, accuſtomed to be ſerved in gold and ſilver, ſaw herſelf obliged to eat off porcelain.’ p. 309.

Art. VIII. *Poetical Sketches*: the Profeſſion; the Broken Heart, &c. with Stanzas for Muſic, and other Poems. By Alaric A. Watts. f. cap 8vo. pp. 148. Price 6s. London. 1823.

A CURIOUS circumſtance is connected with one of the poems in this elegant little volume. On its firſt appearance, it was tranſcribed into ſeveral of our daily, weekly, and monthly journals, as the undoubted production of Lord Byron, although the Author had, it ſeems, inserted it in the Edinburgh Magazine with his name. The poem is as follows.

‘ TO OCTAVIA.

‘ Full many a gloomy month hath paſt,  
On flagging wing, regardless by.—  
Unmarked by aught, ſave grief—ſince  
I gazed upon thy bright blue eye,  
And bade my Lyre pour forth for thee  
Its ſtrains of wildeſt minſtrely !  
For all my joys are withered now,—  
The hopes, I moſt relied on, thwarted,—  
And ſorrow hath o’erſpread my brow  
With many a ſhade ſince laſt we parted :  
Yet, ’mid that murkiſneſs of lot,  
Young Peri, thou art unforgot !

‘ There are who love to trace the ſmile  
That dimples upon childhood’s cheek,  
And hear from lips devoid of guile,  
The dictates of the boſom break ;—  
Ah ! who of ſuch could look on thee  
Without a wiſh to rival me !  
None ;—his muſt be a ſtubborn heart,  
And ſtrange to every ſofter feeling,  
Who from thy glance could bear to part  
Cold, and unmoved—without revealing  
Some portion of the fond regret  
Which dimmed my eye when laſt we met !

' Sweet bud of Beauty!—'Mid the thrill—

The anguished thrill of hope delayed,—

Peril—and pain—and every ill

That can the breast of man invade,—

No tender thought of *thine* and thee

Hath faded from my memory;

But I have dwelt on each dear form

Till woe, awhile, gave place to gladness,

And that remembrance seemed to charm,

Almost to peace, my bosom's sadness;—

And now again I breathe a lay

To hail thee on thy natal day!

' O! might the fondest prayers prevail

For blessings on thy future years!

Or innocence, like *thine*, avail

To save thee from affliction's tears!

Each moment of thy life should bring

Some new delight upon its wing;

And the wild sparkle of *thine* eye—

Thy guilelessness of soul revealing—

Beam ever thus, as beauteously,

Undimmed—save by those gems of feeling—

Those soft, luxurious drops which flow,

In pity, for another's woe.

' But vain the thought!—It may not be!—

Could prayers avert misfortune's blight,

Or hearts from sinful passion free

Here hope for unalloyed delight,

Then, those who guard *thine* opening bloom

Had never known one hour of gloom.

No—if the chastening stroke of Fate

On guilty heads alone descended,

Sure *they* would ne'er have felt its weight,

In whose pure bosoms, sweetly blended,

Life's dearest social virtues move,

In one bright endless chain of love!

' Then since upon this earth, joy's beams

Are fading—frail, and few in number,

And melt—like the light-woven dreams

That steal upon the mourner's slumber,—

Sweet one! I'll wish thee strength to bear

The ills that Heaven may bid thee share;

And when *thine* infancy hath fled

And Time with woman's zone hath bound thee,

If, in the path thou 'rt doomed to tread,

The thorns of sorrow lurk, and wound thee,

Be *thine* that exquisite relief

Which blossoms 'mid the springs of grief!



' And like the many-tinted Bow,  
 Which smiles the showery clouds away,  
 May Hope—Grief's Iris here below—  
 Attend, and soothe thee on thy way,  
 Till full of years—thy cares at rest—  
 Thou seek'st the mansions of the blest!—  
 Young Sister of a mortal NINE,  
 Farewell!—Perchance a long farewell!  
 Though woes unnumbered yet be mine,  
 Woes, Hope may vainly strive to quell,—  
 I'll half unteach my soul to pine,  
 So there be bliss for thee and THINE!' pp. 25—29.

We think that there are poems of Lord Byron's, which the Author of these stanzas may justly be deemed capable of having composed; but it does not strike us that these are quite such as his Lordship would have written. Mr. Watts more frequently reminds his readers of Moore or Barry Cornwall. There is however, more of heart, though less of brilliancy in his lyrical poems, than in those of the former; while he displays more purity of taste and of sentiment, if less originality than the latter. He is evidently a warm admirer of our living bards, and has perhaps formed his taste too much upon these imperfect models. We would recommend him to dip nearer the fountain-head. The stanzas on the death of a nephew, might have been written, and might have assumed the present form, although Leigh Hunt had never addressed his exquisite stanzas to his child; yet, the general resemblance is almost too strong to be accidental. The Writer, however, stands quite clear of plagiarism, and the poem is of so interesting a character, that we are sure we cannot say any thing in favour of Mr. Watts's volume, that shall more powerfully recommend it to our readers, than the insertion of these stanzas.

• TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM POWER WATTS.

(AGED THREE YEARS.)

' A cloud is on my heart and brow,—  
 The tears are in my eyes,—  
 And wishes fond, all idle now,  
 Are stifled into sighs;—  
 As musing on thine early doom,  
 Thou bud of beauty snatched to bloom,  
 So soon, 'neath milder skies!  
 I turn—thy painful struggle past—  
 From what thou *art*, to what thou *wast*!  
 ' I think of all thy 'winning ways,'  
 Thy frank but boisterous glee;—  
 Thy arch sweet smiles,—thy coy delays,—  
 Thy step, so light and free;—

Thy sparkling glance, and hasty run,  
 Thy gladness, when the task was done,  
 And gained thy mother's knee ;—  
 Thy gay, good-humoured, childish ease,  
 And all thy thousand arts to please !

' Where are they now ?—And where, oh where,  
 The eager fond caress ?  
 The blooming cheek, so fresh and fair,  
 The lips, all sought to press ?—  
 The open brow, and laughing eye,—  
 The heart, that leaped so joyously ?  
 (Ah ! had we loved them less !)  
 Yet there are thoughts can bring relief  
 And sweeten even this cup of grief.

' What hast thou 'scaped ?—A thorny scene,  
 A wilderness of woe ;  
 Where many a blast of anguish keen  
 Had taught thy tears to flow ?  
 Perchance some wild and withering grief,  
 Had sere'd thy summer's earliest leaf,  
 In these dark bowers below !  
 Or, sickening chills of hope deferred,  
 To strife thy gentlest thoughts had stirred !

' What hast thou 'scaped ?—Life's weltering sea,  
 Before the storm arose ;  
 Whilst yet its gliding waves were free  
 From aught that marred repose !  
 Safe from the thousand throes of pain,—  
 Ere sin or sorrow breathed a stain  
 Upon thine opening rose :  
 And who could calmly think of this,  
 Nor envy thee thy doom of bliss ?

' I culled from home's beloved bowers,  
 To deck thy last long sleep ;  
 The brightest-hued, most fragrant flowers  
 That summer's dews may steep ;—  
 The rose-bud, emblem meet, was there,  
 The violet blue, and jasmine fair,  
 That, drooping, seemed to weep ;—  
 And, now, I add this lowlier spell ;—  
 SWEETS TO THE PASSING SWEET ! FAREWELL !'

pp. 79—82.

We must make room for the following beautiful sonnet.

**' THE FIRST BORN.**

' Never did music sink into my soul  
 So 'silver sweet,' as when thy first weak wail  
 On my 'rapt ear in doubtful murmurs stole,  
 Thou child of love and promise !—What a tale



Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,  
Hung on that slender filament of sound !  
Life's guileless pleasures, and its griefs profound  
Seemed mingling in thy horoscope of doom.  
Thy bark is launched, and lifted is thy sail  
Upon the weltering billows of the world.  
But oh ! may winds far gentler than have hurled  
My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail :  
Or, if thy voyage must be rough, mayst thou  
Soon scape the storm and be—as blest as I am now !' p. 97.

A limited edition of these poems was first printed for private circulation ; and it was the favourable notice which they attracted, that encouraged the Author to give them to the public. We are glad to perceive, that a third edition is already announced, so that the public seem to have been, in this instance, before-hand with us. But we could not pass over a volume of such modest pretensions, displaying at the same time so much genuine poetical feeling, sensibility, and refinement.

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Art. IX. *Time's Telescope for 1824*; or a complete Guide to the Almanack : containing an Explanation of Saints' Days and Holidays ; with Illustrations of British History and Antiquities, &c. Astronomical Occurrences in every Month, and the Naturalist's Diary. To which are prefixed Outlines of Historical and Physical Geography ; and an introductory Poem on Flowers. By Bernard Barton. 12mo. pp. 330. Price 9s. London. 1824.

WE have more than once noticed the former volumes of this very agreeable miscellany, and we must do the ingenious Editor the justice to report, that his eleventh volume is by no means inferior in point of merit or variety to its predecessors. The work is, indeed, kept up with great spirit, and no pains have been spared to render it as useful as it is entertaining. Among the novelties in the present volume are, the Outlines of Geography contributed by Dr. Myers of Blackheath, to whom, it appears, that the public are also indebted for the astronomical portion of the work ; the introductory poem by Bernard Barton ; the ' Methods of Treatment' recommended by the Royal Humane Society—these have been attached, at the Society's expense, to the principal Annual pocket-books, and ought to be in every one's possession ; a portrait of Captain Parry, and two wood-cut representations of Esquimaux costume ; and the usual poetical gleanings from contemporary and anonymous writers. It indicates a striking improvement in public taste, that many of the most elegant of these poetical pieces, are gathered from

the periodical works of the day. The following beautiful stanzas appeared in the Literary Gazette.

**‘ TO A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.**

‘ Creature of air and light,  
Emblem of that which may not fade or die !  
Wilt thou not speed thy flight  
To chase the south wind through the sunny sky ?  
What lures thee thus to stay  
With Silence and Decay,  
Fix’d on the wreck of dull Mortality ?

‘ The thoughts once chamber’d there  
Have gather’d up their treasures, and are gone !  
Will the dust tell us where.  
They that have burst the prison-house are flown ?  
Rise, nursling of the Day,  
If thou wouldst trace their way !  
Earth has no voice to make the secret known.

‘ Who seeks the vanish’d bird  
By the forsaken nest and broken shell ?  
Far thence he sings unheard,  
Yet free and joyous midst the woods to dwell !  
Thou, of the sunshine born,  
Take the bright wings of morn !  
Thy hope calls heavenward from yon ruined cell.’

There are some very pleasing lines on the death of Bloomfield by Bernard Barton; but they are too long to transcribe. Some of the poems are not attributed to their proper authors. The Sonnet to December, taken from the Literary Gazette, is by Henry Kirke White. The stanzas at p. 182. beginning,

‘ I saw a dew-drop, cool and clear,’

is by one of the well known Authors of Hymns for Infant Minds, and appeared in the Associate Minstrels. The following elegant and touching lines occur under the notice of the late Marchioness of Worcester’s death. ‘ The time,’ it is stated, ‘ was so short between her illness and her death, that ‘ the artificial flowers were suffered to remain in her hair.’

‘ Those roses glittering o’er her pallid brow,  
Why shine they full of life and freshness now,  
When she, their lovely wearer, sinks in death,  
And every sigh but seems her parting breath !  
Alas, false wreaths ! had you light tendrils been,  
Such as in summer’s bright’ning bowers are seen,  
Mournful would droop each trivial leaf and flower,  
And die with her they graced in life’s gay hour ;  
Nor, like these fair companions of her doom,  
As radiant grace her revels and her tomb.’

R. R.



Art. X. *Suffolk Words and Phrases; or an Attempt to collect the Lingual Localisms of that County.* By Edward Moor, F. R. S. F. S. A. 12mo. pp. xx., 526. Woodbridge. 1823.

‘THE East country’ was thought by Grose scarcely to afford a sufficiency of local words to form a division of the Provincial Glossary. Whereas the leading words in this collection of *Suffolcisms* exceed two thousand five hundred! The learned Compiler, already well known to the public as the Author of a treatise on Hindu Infanticide, on his return, after twenty years absence, to his native country, was much struck with the recurrence of long forgotten provincialisms, which produced, as they fell on his ear, ‘a sensation similar to the ‘welcome sight of an old friend.’ Mr. Wilbraham’s Cheshire Glossary first suggested the idea of publishing a collection of the lingual peculiarities of East Anglia. As he proceeded in the compilation, he was surprised to find the number of words common to Scotland and Suffolk,—‘more probably than are ‘common to Suffolk and Essex.’ These, he imagines, may be referred to a common Saxon origin.

We confess that we do not attach much importance to such collections in a philological point of view; for etymology receives but little illustration from by far the larger portion of these provincial vulgarisms; yet, they are often curious and highly amusing. To a Suffolk man, the volume will afford a fund of entertainment: others will almost find it hard to believe that such a language passed for English in the nineteenth century. And why should *Suffolcisms* be less interesting or venerable, or less entitled to be perpetuated, than the lingo which gives so much effect to the low dialogue in the Scotch novels? We cannot but wish, however, that Mr. Moor had not admitted so many mere vulgarisms in pronunciation, as they add to the bulk, without enhancing the value of the volume. Such elegant variations as *gollop* for gallop, *nut* for not, *sile* for soil, *siller* for cellar, *ondeniable*, *neest* for nest, *fust* for first, and a thousand others, come under the general description of a peculiarity of pronunciation with regard to the clipped or lengthened vowels; but they do not amount to a corruption of the words, nor have any claim to be recorded as lingual localisms. Very few, if any of these, are confined to Suffolk. Of *sheer* provincialisms we have some exquisite specimens in

‘*Farrisee*. Pronounced like *Pharisee*—a Fairy. Fairidge in Norfolk. The green circlets in pastures we call *Farrisee-rings*.

‘*Jingo*. By *Jingo*—a well known oath—sometimes, I think, by St. Jingo. I was not aware there was such a saint, or of the origin of the oath; until circumambulating the lake of Geneva, we came to a

town beautifully situated opposite Vevay, called St. Gingoulph, and pronounced like our *Jingo*, with the initial softened.

'Jobanowl. A thick-headed fellow. *Nowl* is a name of the head with us. Under *Jobbernoule*, Nares explains it—"thick head, block-head; from *jobbe*, dull in Flemish, and *cnol*, a head, Saxon: used as an appellative of reproach."

'Now miller, miller, dustipoul,  
I'll clapper-claw thy *jobbernoul*.'

*Old Play.*

'Gumshun. Cleverness, talent—used quaintly. "He has some *gumshun* in him," is as much as to say, he is no fool. This word seems to be in use in other parts. Gumption occurs in the Bridal of Triermain, Canto I., and in other recent Scottish works. "As muckle gumpshion as Tammy," I lately read in a Scotch magazine.

'Gumshus or Rungumshus.' Quarrelsome, offensive, obstinate. "Come—don't you be rungumshus."—"A fared kienda rungumshus"—this would apply to an unmanageable man or horse.

'Peterman.' The name by which we formerly called, and perhaps do still call, the Dutch fishing vessels that frequented, or frequent, our eastern coasts and ports—particularly, as far as I am concerned, Bawdsey-ferry, and Hollesley-bay. They were also called Peter boats. From Nares I find these terms not local.

"Moreover there are a great number of other kind of fishermen belonging to the Thames, called Hebbermen, *Petermen*, and Trawlermen."

Howel's *Londinop*.

'Goochy. India Rubber.'

Can there be any connexion between this last word and the name of the worthy member for Suffolk?—These must suffice as specimens; we have taken them at random, and have been obliged to pass over some highly entertaining articles on account of their length. Some unexpected illustrations occur of the obsolete terms which have puzzled commentators, occurring in our old poets. But old Tusser is the poet for Suffolkisms, and the copious citations from his "Five Hundred Points," contribute not a little to the interest of the work. We are rather surprised at not finding any reference to our old friend Bloomfield, the Suffolk Poet: the word *Horkey*, which he has rendered familiar to us, is not even noticed by Mr. Moor. This is an inexcusable oversight. Northamptonshire has a poet and a lingo of its own; but it might have been worth while to consult John Clare's Poems, as we suspect that some Suffolkisms might be detected in them. Many of these provincialisms are very extensively prevalent. The appropriation of Christian names to birds is very general, as Robin Red-breast, Jenny Wren, Jenny-crudle, and Jenny-hulet, Tom Tit, Dicky-bird, Poll Parrot, Jack Daw, Ralph, for a raven, and Madge for a magpie. Philip for a sparrow, Jacob for a starling, and



King Harry, alias Jack Nicker, for a gold-finch, were new to us.—The following whimsical letter, anonymously transmitted to the Editor, is, no doubt, a spurious composition, but it is in the genuine Suffolk dialect; and we shall therefore insert it, for the purpose of exercising the ingenuity of our readers.

‘ Dear Frinnd,

‘ I was axed some stounds agon by Billy P. our ‘sesser at Mulladen to make inquisition a’ yeow if Master — had pahd in that there money into the Bank. Billy P. he fare kienda unasy about it, and when I see him at Church a’ day he sah timmy, says he, prah ha yeow wrot—so I kienda wef’t um off—and I sah, says I, I heent hard from Squire D — as yit, but I dare sah, I shall afore long—So prah write me some lines, an send me wahd, wutha the money is pahd a nae. I dont know what to make of our Mulladen folks, nut I—but somehow or another, theyre allus in dibles, an I’ll be rot if I dont begin to think some on em a’ tahn up scaly at last; an as to that there fulla — he grow so big and so purdy that he want to be took down a peg—an I’m glad to hare that yeow gint it em properly at Wickhum. I’m gooin to meet the Mulladen folks a’ Friday to go a bounden, so prah write me wahd afore thennum, an let me know if the money be pahd, that I may make Billy P. asy. How stammin cowl tis nowadays—we heent no feed no where, an the stock run blorin about for wittles jest as if twa winter—yeow mah pend ont twool be a mortal bad season for green geese, an we shant ha no spring wahts afore Soom fair. I clipt my ship last Tuesday (list a’ me—I mean Wensday) an they scringe up their backs so nashunly I’m afeard they’re wholly stryd—but ‘strus God tis a strangd cowl time. I heent got no news to tell ye, only we’re all stammenly set up about that there corn bill—some folks dont fare ta like it no matters, an tha sah there was a nashun noise about it at Norrij last Saturday was a fautnit. The mob thay got 3 efigis, a farmer, a squire, an a mulla, an strus yeowre alive they hung um all on one jibbit—so folks sah. Howsomever we are all quite enough here, case we fare to think it for our good. If you see that there chap Harry—give my sarvice to em.

I remain,

Yar true frinnd,

What will the ‘Yankees’ say, if this volume should find its way to America, at learning that such English as this is still spoken in the mother country? We ought not to be very severe on the subject of Americanisms. Another thirty years, however, by means of Sunday Schools, Bible Societies, and other innovations, will make sad havoc among these remnants of the olden phraseology. Our antiquaries must make the most of their time.

Art. XI. *Beauties of Dwight*; or Dr. Dwight's System of Theology, abridged: with a Sketch of his Life: a Portrait: and an original Essay on his Writings, &c. 4 vols. 24mo. Price 12s. London. 1823.

**T**HIS work is correctly termed an Abridgement: the first part of the title does not describe it. The 'beauties' of the American divine, in the general acceptance of the phrase, would consist of a selection of the most striking passages from his writings given at length. We confess that we should have thought this a more eligible plan, than the exhibiting of his system of divinity in this meagre analytical form. Dr. Dwight is generally very concise, and his lectures are sometimes skeletons very slightly filled up: they scarcely admit of advantageous abridgement. But there are defective parts of his system, to which we have adverted, and which, had the principle of selection been adopted, might have been omitted without detriment to the work. We are at a loss to understand the precise intention of the Editor. These skeletons do not appear to us at all eligible models for pulpit discourses, where plain persons compose the majority of the audience: the peculiar excellence of the original discourses was, their adaptation to the purpose of divinity lectures. To those ministers and students who cannot afford to purchase the larger work, these volumes may be acceptable. The merits and defects of the analysis will be best shewn by a short specimen.

' The manner in which revelation exhibits the Divine benevolence, is the following.

' God directly asserts his character to be benevolent.

' The text is the strongest conceivable example of this assertion. Thou art good, says David, and thou dost good; and thy tender mercies are over all thy works. There is none good but one, saith Christ, that is, God.

' He recites a great variety of specimens of his goodness to individuals and nations; and exhibits them as being, unquestionably, acts of benevolence only.

' He explains the whole system of his dispensations, in those instances not recorded in the Scriptures, in the same manner.

' He exhibits to us sin, as far more vile, and deserving of far more punishment; and virtue, or benevolence, as far more excellent and meritorious, than our reason would otherwise have enabled us to conceive.

' He exhibits to us, that he is kind, not only to such beings as are virtuous, but to such also as are sinners; and that this kindness in its extent and consequences is infinite.

' In the law which he has given to mankind for the regulation of all their moral conduct, he has required no other obedience, except their love to himself and to each other.

' God requires the whole regard which he claims to be rendered to him only as a benevolent God.



‘ In the Scriptures we are required to love, worship, and serve, that is, to exhibit our love in different forms to a God of love, and to such a God only.

‘ God has informed us in the Scriptures, that there is beyond the grave an immortal state of retribution ; in which whatever seems irregular in the present state will be adjusted according to the most exact dictates of benevolence and equity.

‘ The benevolence of God is strictly infinite.

‘ In the divine Mind every attribute is necessarily co-extended with the greatness of that mind. The benevolence of God is as truly thus extensive, as his knowledge or his power. To his love of happiness existing, to his desire of happiness as a thing to be produced, no limit can be affixed. Intense and glowing beyond degree, although perfectly serene and complacent, it furnishes the most solid foundation for the truth of that remarkable declaration in the text ; God is love ; or Infinite Love is the Infinite God.

‘ The benevolence of God cannot but be ever active.’

In the former part of the discourse, the proofs from reason, of the Divine benevolence, are exhibited in the same naked manner, as unsupported propositions. Sometimes these may seem to approach to the character of self-evident truths ; as, for instance, that ‘ God can have no possible motive to be ‘ malevolent.’ But to perceive the force and bearing of an assertion like this, a reader would need have been trained to habits of close thinking. And after all, the expressions are far from being unobjectionable.

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Art. XII. *Statement in Regard to the Pauperism of Glasgow*, from the Experience of the last Eight Years. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Minister of St. John's Church, Glasgow. 8vo. pp. 78. Glasgow. 1823.

**D**R. CHALMERS alludes, in the preface to this pamphlet, to ‘ a pretty general imagination,’ that he had relinquished his charge in Glasgow, because of the misgiving of his schemes for the extinction of pauperism. He has met this injurious and unfounded suspicion with substantial facts. Our readers will perhaps recollect, that Dr. Chalmers's undertaking was, on being allowed to appropriate the whole of the weekly collection made at the church doors of St. John's, (at that time 400*l.* a-year,) to the support of the poor of that parish,—‘ to send ‘ no new poor, either casual or permanent, to the Town Hospital.’ To meet the new cases, the evening collection was presumed to be sufficient ; and the result has so far justified the expectation, that, from September 1819 to June 1823, all the new applications have been met with a sum not exceeding

80*l.* a-year, arising from this fund. During the same period, comprising three years and nine months, the number of paupers admitted on the ground of general indigence, is *thirteen*, at a monthly expense of 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, or 32*l.* per annum. The cases of extraordinary and hopeless disease are *two*; one a lunatic, the other, deaf and dumb—monthly expense 1*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.* or 14*l.* 16*s.* per annum. Two illegitimate children and three families of run-away husbands, have been admitted on the same fund—monthly expense 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; per annum 19*l.* 10*s.* Total, 20 regular paupers at a monthly expense of 5*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, a yearly expense of 66*l.* 6*s.* In the mean time, the old sessional poor, which, in October 1819, were 98, have sunk down (by deaths and dismissals) to 57; making, with the new cases, 77: a diminution in the total of 21. The total yearly expense of maintaining the poor of this parish, the population of which is upwards of 8000, is 308*l.* But this includes the Town Hospital cases, and the relief of paupers received from other parishes.

The most extraordinary circumstance connected with the success of this management, is, that it has been effected at a very inconsiderable sacrifice of time and labour on the part of the individuals in whom was vested the charge of the evening collections which were to meet the new cases. The details contained in the reports of the several deacons, printed as a note, form a mass of testimony highly deserving of attention. They shew how much may be accomplished, under any system of management, by a prudent and well-principled discharge of the office, towards reducing the expenditure, and, at the same time, promoting the best interests of the poor.

Still, while we warmly congratulate Dr. Chalmers on the success of his philanthropic experiment, we see no reason to retract the opinion, that his general deductions with regard to the Poor Laws of England are unsound, proceeding on a limited and mistaken view of the subject. The mere substitution of church collections for an assessment in this country, we should esteem no improvement. The total abolition of a parochial fund is happily too visionary a scheme to be thought of: it would be as unjustly unjust as it is impracticable. The evil lies in the management, and this evil is not less susceptible of remedy on the English system than on the Scotch. The circumstances of the two countries are totally dissimilar, as regards not only the physical and moral habits of the population, but their resources. It is stated that the population of Glasgow, which in 1820 was 73,796, was in 1821, 72,765,—an inconsiderable decrease, but yet, proving that the surplus population of Scotch towns more readily finds vent, than, we apprehend, is possible in England.



## ART. XIII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

A Prospectus has been issued of a new edition very considerably enlarged, of *Memoirs and Correspondence of Duplessis Mornay*, relating to the history of the Reformation and the Civil Wars in France under Charles IX., Henry III. Henry IV., and Louis XIII., from 1571 to 1625; published from the original manuscripts in the possession of the prince of Montmorency-Robertq, and the marquis de Mornay; to which will be prefixed, *Memoirs of her husband*, written by Madame de Mornay, for the instruction of her son. By P. R. Augius and A. D. de la Fontenelle. In 15 vols. 8vo. This edition will contain the matter suppressed in the four volumes of the original publication, besides a great number of unpublished letters from Henry IV., Queen Elizabeth of England, the Prince and Princess of Nassau, &c. &c. The work will be published by subscription, and will be brought out two volumes at a time.

A *Sketch of the System of Education at New Lanark*, by Robert Dale Owen, is in the press, and will appear in a few days.

Messrs J. P. Neale and J. Le Keux intend publishing the First Number of their *Original Views of the Collegiate and Parochial Churches of Great Britain*, on the 1st of February, 1824.

In the press, and shortly will be published, in 8vo. *The Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures asserted, and Infidel Objections shewn to be unfounded*, by new and conclusive evidence. In six lectures now delivering at Albion Hall, London Wall. By the Rev. S. Noble.

In the press, *Sacred Tactics*, an attempt to develop, and to exhibit to the eye by tabular arrangements, a general rule of composition prevailing in the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. Thomas Boys, A. M.

The Rev. Greville Ewing has in the press, a second edition of his *Essay on Baptism*, considerably enlarged.

Preparing for publication, in 12mo. *Poptism not Baptism, and Washing not Burial*, in Reply to Mr. Ewing's *Essay on Baptism*; containing an address to the numerous members of pœdobaptist churches who hold antipœdobaptist sentiments. By F. A. Cox, A. M.

In the press, a second edition of *Sabbaths at Home*. By Henry March.

In the press, a *Present for a Sunday School*, adapted for the Capacities of little children. By a Minister of the Established Church.

A new edition of Mr. Alaric A. Watts's *Poetical Sketches*, with illustrations, is preparing for publication, which will include *Gertrude de Balm*, and other additional poems.

Preparing for publication, a *Practical Guide to English Composition*; or, a comprehensive system of English grammar, criticism, and logic; arranged and illustrated upon a new and improved plan; containing apposite principles, rules, and examples, for writing correctly and elegantly on every subject; adapted to the use of schools and of Private Students. By the Rev. Peter Smith, A. M.

In the press, and to appear early in the new year, *Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland*. By Christopher Keelivine. To include a *Sketch of Changes which have occurred during the last half century in that part of Scotland*.

George Phillips is printing a *Compendium of Algebra*, with Notes and Demonstrations shewing the Reason of every rule, designed for the use of schools, and those persons who have not the advantage of a preceptor; the whole arranged on a plan calculated to abridge the labour of the master, and facilitate the improvement of the pupil.

In the press, a *Discourse on Prayer*, explaining its nature, enforcing its importance, and unfolding the advantages which flow from it. By the Rev. John Thornton.

Early in January will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo. a *Narrative of a Journey from La Guayra to Bagota, and thence to Santa Martha, performed between February and July, 1823*.

In the press, *Aureus, or the Adventures of a Sovereign*, written by himself. In 2 vols. 12mo.

On the 1st of February, 1824, will be published, the first part (to be continued quarterly, in parts) of the *Animal Kingdom*, as arranged conformably with its organization, by the Baron

Cuvier; with additional descriptions of all the species hitherto named, and of many not before noticed. The whole of the 'Regne Animal' of the above cele-

brated Zoologist will be translated in this undertaking: but the additions will be so considerable, as to give it the character of an original work.

#### ART. XIV. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

##### EDUCATION.

Scholastic Education; or a synopsis of the studies recommended to employ the time and engage the attention of youth; a suggestion of the most efficient methods of tuition; and a notice of the authors which may be advantageously used in a Scholastic Course By John Shoveller, LL. D. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

##### MISCELLANEOUS.

The Lady of the Manor. By Mrs. Sherwood. 7s. [Vol. II. is in the press.]

The History of George Desmond. Founded on Facts which occurred in the East Indies, and now published as a useful caution to Young Men going out to that country. post 8vo. 7s.

Eugenia; or, the Dangers of the World. By Miss More, Author of "The Welsh Cottage," &c. 4s.

The History of Little Lucy and her Dhaye. By Mrs. Sherwood. 2s. 6d.

Sophia; or, the Source and Benefit of Affliction. By the Author of "Margaret Whyte," &c. 2s. 6d.

The Spy-glass; or, Truths brought Home to the Mind's Eye. 2s. 6d.

Pere La Chaise. By Mrs. Sherwood. 2s. The Infant's Grave. By Mrs. Sherwood. 1s. 6d.

Choice Pleasures for Youth; in a series of Letters from a Father to his Son. 12mo. 4s.

##### POETRY.

The Star in the East, and other Poems. By Josiah Conder. 12mo. 6s.

##### THEOLOGY.

The Doctrines of General Redemption, as held by the Church of England and by the early Dutch Arminians, exhibited in their scriptural evidence, and in their connection with the civil and religious liberties of mankind. By Jas. Nichols. In 1 vol. 8vo. 16s.

A Dictionary of all Religions, and Religious Denominations, Antient and Modern, Jewish, Pagan, Mahometan, or Christian: also of Ecclesiastical History. To which are prefixed,—I. An Essay on Truth, the Causes of Error, &c. by the late Rev. Andrew Fuller.—II. On the State of the World at Christ's Appearance, by Mrs. Hannah Adams, original editor of the work. And to which are appended, a Sketch of Missionary Geography; with practical reflections on the whole. By T. Williams. The third London edition, with the improvements of the fourth American edition, and many new articles and corrections throughout. 10s. 6d.

The Works of Dr. John Owen. Vols. VII. and VIII. 12s. each.

A new edition of Saurin's Sermons, translated by the Rev. R. Robinson, Henry Hunter, D.D. and Joseph Sutcliffe. With additional Sermons now first translated. Edited by the Rev. S. Burder, M.A. 6 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.

The Anti-Swedenborg. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Lectures illustrative of the Pilgrim's Progress. By the Rev. D. Warr. 8vo. 8s.